

LONDON SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

ON FOOT ALONG THE RIVIERA.

IT was natural, perhaps, if not sympathetic, for us to rejoice over our own lot as, in March last, in the room of our inn at Frejus, that old-world French town at the extremity of the Esterel mountains, we raised our eyes from the letters just received from England, in which we read of snow-blocked trains and bitter weather, and turned them on to the street outside, white with brilliant sunshine, chequered with deep shadows, and revealing here and there a glimpse of pleasant green leaves dotted with golden fruit. Whilst friends at home were shuddering over fires, or plodding through snow-buried streets, we were clad in the easiest of walking attire, and were going to have a swim in the sea previous to starting on our 157 mile walk along the Western Riviera.

Frejus is not a town for a lengthened sojourn, but it is vastly interesting to the man who loves to trace in the world of to-day the footsteps of those stern conquerors whose sway extended from the Hebrides to the Indian Ocean.

Away from the modern town are walls which mark the lines of the ancient Forum Julii, splendid, massive constructions still, in spite of the ravages of twenty centuries. In the midst of the fields still stands a perfect lighthouse, once marking the entrance of the harbour, now a mile from the sea, and if we follow the remains of what must have been a sea-wall we come to an enormous citadel, flanked with circular bastions and retaining on one side its ditch. Close to the railway station stand the ancient Golden Gate, the semi-circular remains of a theatre, and the tolerably perfect remains of an arena. By the side of the ancient Via Aurelia—the main road to Genoa, with which we shall become so intimately acquainted—are the massive and not ungraceful arches of an aqueduct, which brought clear, cold water into the town from the innumerable springs and streams abounding in the Esterel mountains, festooned with pretty flowering ivy, and still forty feet high in spite of the rising of the soil during such long centuries. A little off the road to Saint Raphael is a huge stone-faced mass, upon which flourishes an olive orchard, called by local

tradition the Imperial Palace, and amongst the olive trees are two shafts leading downwards into a splendidly built tunnel, which may be explored, we were told, a distance of two miles to the citadel above alluded to.

Our first day's walk, after a thorough examination of the Frejus antiquities, we arranged to be *viâ* Saint Raphael to Cannes, a nominal twenty-three miles, but quite equal to a long twenty-five.

Saint Raphael lies a couple of miles east of Frejus. It is a winter resort which, in spite of the most fascinating position and the most delicate climate, is yet in embryo. Beautiful villas dot the thickly-wooded country which stretches from the sea to the mountains, but they are for the most part unoccupied. At Valescure, two miles inland, is a fine hotel, situated amidst fine trees and a country where the most exquisite wild flowers—red and purple anemones, grape-hyacinths, narcissus, colts-foot, and violets, abound, which is much frequented during the winter months. Saint Raphael itself consists of a quaint little town with an ancient church, a modest *établissement* by the side of a splendid new church, and a quartette of excellent hotels.

Perhaps nowhere along the Riviera can "lying off" be indulged in with such perfect freedom as at Saint Raphael. Here no bustle or gaiety disturb the senses of the jaded toiler; the clearest and gentlest of seas ripples on to a rocky shore; endless rambles invite him through woods of pine and cork trees, and bring him down almost to the water edge amongst red rocks heaped about in the most picturesque confusion. He may dress as he likes, go where he likes, for fences and walls are almost unknown, and breathe the purest of air beneath the bluest and brightest of skies.

There is a coast path from Saint Raphael to Cannes, but we chose the old Roman road winding amidst the Esterel mountains, above a wooded abyss at the bottom of which dashes a turbulent stream. Endless as seemed the ascent and the winding of the road, and fiercely as the sun's rays beat upon us, we deemed this long tramp through the Esterel mountains as amongst the most delightful of our trip.

Exactly half-way between Saint Raphael and Cannes is the solitary human break on this part of the road—the Inn of Esterel. We did not know anything about this inn, or that it was a favourite excursion for driving parties from Cannes, or we should assuredly have passed it. If we may offer a suggestion to intending explorers we should say, supply yourselves with food and drink and pass it, unless it be part of a day's pleasure to pay four times the value of very ordinary viands and wine.

From here the road descends, the pine forest rising high on the right hand, and to the left stretching far away in gentle undulations, broken here and there by a jagged red peak, till the scene is bounded by the Tanneron mountains, of a hazy blue, tipped occasionally with a glittering needle of snow.

Emerging from the mountains at a distance of eighteen miles from Saint Raphael, we struck off the road abruptly to the right, descended the steep rocks dotted with wild flowers, and followed a tortuous path through the forest along the hill sides to Napoule, a pleasant little village clustering on the shores of a tiny bay, whence the most beautiful of rough paths leads to Théoule, a favourite picnic place of Cannes visitors.

The best way to reach Cannes from here is to follow the line of railway, if the eyes of officials can be avoided, as far as La Bocca, whence a tram leads into the town, for the road by Saint Cassien makes a detour, and is not remarkably beautiful.

Of Cannes nothing need be said here. The walk, however, to Grasse, the head-centre of the perfumery and candied fruit trade, situated amidst beautiful scenery and a paradise of flowers, twelve miles and a half from Cannes by the picturesque hill village of Mougins, is worth a day.

Our second day's tramp was to Nice, a distance of twenty miles.

For four miles out of Cannes the dusty, unsheltered road is lined on the left by the most beautiful of villas standing in parks, and gardens each of which is a veritable Eden in itself. On the right runs the railway, and beyond it shines the deep blue Mediterranean.

Golfe Jouan is the first village, and is chiefly notable as being a rendezvous of the French Mediterranean Fleet, of which there are usually half-a-dozen ships in the bay, and as being a *dépôt* for the famous Vallauris pottery. Vallauris itself lies a couple of miles inland, but the pottery, which is of the quaintly-shaped, æsthetically-smudged type, is just as well procured at the large manufactory on the left of the road at Golfe Jouan, which is generally crowded with the "carriage folk" of Cannes in the afternoon.

From Golfe Jouan, a pleasant road leading through orange groves, which here first make their appearance, took us into Antibes, another of the old Roman cities of the Riviera. Antibes itself is a quiet, respectable, old French town, which may be explored in an hour, still surrounded by the fortifications of Vauban, but retaining very scanty traces of its Roman occupation; but no visitor should omit to make the excursion to the adjoining cape; indeed many visitors prefer the seclusion and the bracing sea air obtainable at the fine hotel here to the enervating stuffiness of Cannes.

Here, along this strip of red coast, washed by deep, clear, blue water, and entirely covered with olive trees, is perfect rest and quiet. Some notion of the solitude may be obtained when we state that, feeling hot and dusty after our tramp, we descended a few yards from the high road, plunged into the water, and dried ourselves in the sun, during which enjoyment not a human being passed along. The view from the lighthouse at the top of the Cape, extending over Cannes and the Esterel mountains on the

west, and over Nice with her background of the snow-covered Maritime Alps on the east, is one not easily to be forgotten.

From Antibes to Nice the road, lying along the flat sea-shore, is not particularly interesting, and extremely hot, but there is no escaping it except by taking the train from Antibes.

Nice need not detain us any more than Cannes; but we may remark that for the pedestrian in good training there is no better centre on the Riviera, in support of which statement we may say that, during a previous stay of three months there, we had not exhausted the expeditions which can easily be made from it. We would recommend, as especially worthy of doing, the ascent of Mont Chauve; going by Aspremont and returning by Falicon; the ascents of Monts Vinaigrier and Pacanaglia; the walk to the deserted mountain village of Chateauneuf, going by La Tourette and returning by the Paillon torrent; the walk to Saint André; the exploration of the right valley of the Var as far as Saint Martin Lantosque—a three-day affair; the exploration of the left valley of the Var to Vence, Cagnes and Saint Paul; and the endless expeditions about Villefranche, Beaulieu, and the Corniche road.

Our third day's tramp was to Monte Carlo, a distance by the road we elected to take of thirteen miles, but by the lower road along the shore of little more than nine.

There are three ways of ascending to the Corniche road from Nice. First, the old Genoa road, itself winding round the Observatory Hill, very beautiful, but rather a tedious addition to a long day's walk. Second, the path up Monte Vinaigrier, well worth the scramble for the view obtained from the summit if time be no object. Third, the short cut by Mont Boron which leads up to the Quatre Chemins.

We chose this last, a very rough path, but valuable, as saving at least an hour's time. At Quatre Chemins we were almost immediately over Villefranche, on the placid waters of whose beautiful bay rode, like a tiny yacht, the American frigate "Pensacola."

On our left hand, as we started along this magnificent road, which, as its name suggests, is a mere cornice in the side of the hill, towered peaks of grey limestone, torn by some terrible convulsion of long-past times with every conceivable distortion and outline: here a mediæval turret, tottering over the precipice as if about to fall upon us; here the fantastic outline of some heraldic monster, here in the shape of struggling men, here a grinning face, here an entire castle—all weather-worn and covered in places with luxuriant creepers. Far below us on our right, over a waving sea of eucalyptus, palm, orange and olive trees, the Mont Boron, the Bay of Villefranche, the groves of Beaulieu, and, beyond promontory and hill and clustering houses, the deep blue of the sea melting away in the distance, to blend with the lighter blue of the sky.

We walked well and easily in this fine air and on this firm, hard road. A sudden turn to the left brought us face to face with a panorama of the snowy Alps, almost indescribable in their beauty, and between them and us a wide plain of variegated green dotted with white, red-roofed villages.

The road follows the curves of the hills exactly, whilst the lower road runs straight; hence the difference in their respective lengths. Passing above the quaint little rock-built village of Eza, we arrived, at eleven miles from Nice, at La Turbia, once the important Roman station of *Trophæa Augusti* on the road *Julia Aurelia*; the road to the famous shrine of *Laquet* striking off to the left, and being probably the original Roman Way.

All that remains of Roman Turbia is the fragment of the ancient Trophy raised by Augustus in commemoration of a great victory over the natives—a sturdy Roman base surmounted by a mediæval tower.

From a sort of bastion made on the cliff, whither the path runs straight from the Hotel de France—to which house the remarks made anent the Inn of Esterel apply with equal force—a beautiful view is obtained, sheer down the precipices and over the olive-clad valleys into “Paradise Lost” and the promontory of Monaco. From here a very rough mule-track leads down and lands us after half-an-hour’s walk at the Hotel de Londres, Monte Carlo.

Our fourth day’s walk was from Monte Carlo to Bordighera in Italy, a distance of sixteen miles.

Here again we have the choice of two roads; the upper or Corniche, and the lower or coast road. Again we chose the former, partly because we preferred to be in the solitude and fresh air high up, and partly because the constant flow of carriages makes the lower road unpleasant to the pedestrian, who only emerges from one cloud of dust to lose himself in another; and also, perhaps, because our homely walking attire contrasted strangely with the elaborate get-up of the carriage loungers, not a tenth part of whom ever penetrate whither horses and wheels cannot go.

So we ascended again to La Turbia and struck along the Corniche to Roquebrune, a very curious and interesting old Grimaldi fastness, which gives its name to a station on the railway famous a few weeks before our expedition as being near the scene of a terrible accident.

From Roquebrune is best made the ascent of Mont Agel, 4,000 feet high, and well worthy the attention of good climbers, not only on account of the exciting character of an honest ascent up its very face, but for the peerless panorama obtained from its snow-clad summit.

The Corniche descends from Roquebrune to the level of the coast road; and having explored the Cap Saint Martin, a beautiful forest of pines, dotted about with relics of Roman occupation, villas perhaps of the wealthy citizens of *Cemelenum* or *Cimiez*

near Nice, we dipped down into the shady woodlands which extend to Menton. This is a beautiful, winding road, and bears an enormous pleasure traffic during the winter months; but we fear it is being gradually robbed of its shady charms, as villas are springing up, and trees are being cut down in all directions.

We hurried through sad, enervating, depressing Menton, with its one narrow unsavoury street populated by white-faced invalids, and from the universal rattle of our native tongue about us, might have been in an English colony instead of a thousand miles into France and within a few yards of the frontier of Italy.

The actual frontier is at a picturesque gorge in the cliffs spanned by a bridge, upon one end of which is inscribed France and upon the other Italia, under the tower inhabited by an English doctor and close by his beautiful gardens.

The road is a stiff ascent from here, and, until the Valley of the Lune is reached, not over interesting, there being nothing but shaggy, reddish-yellow cliffs on the one side, and the sea on the other. But once out of this and we were again in charming scenery which lasted until we were close to Ventimiglia.

Being humble pedestrians without luggage of any kind we escaped that tedious, irritating ordeal of complete search which awaits the railway-passengers here, and went straight into the town, which is of the usual Italian type—very high houses intersected by narrow causeways, frequently arched over, always filthy and provided with the most remarkable variety of smells imaginable—although new quarters with broad streets and tree-lined avenues are springing up in all directions. From Ventimiglia we followed the straight Roman road to Bordighera, passing by the scanty remains of the Roman town on our left, out of which, however, a large number of treasures have been excavated, and may be seen in the very-well-arranged little museum belonging to the landlord of the Hotel Windsor at Bordighera.

Bordighera is a favourite resort for those who prefer quiet and rest to the ceaseless gaiety of the larger Riviera resorts; but its chief claims to our attention lay in the originality and picturesque-ness of its old town, and the splendid field for sketching which it offers.

Formerly, in all probability, Bordighera was the hill fortress of one of the great native nobles who religiously observed:

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That those should take who have the power,
And those should keep who can;"

for the entire circumference of the walls may be made in a few minutes. But Bordighera never fails to impress the traveller new to the typical Italian towns. It is perfectly quiet, and the only industry seems to be the cultivation of palm-trees, which grow here in great profusion, and which are grown not only to

supply Rome and the great Catholic cities of Europe at Easter, but to be sent to Jerusalem and to England. Everywhere, under the crumbling sunlit old walls, sprawling about on benches and in doorways, or amidst the scented violet beds, under the orange trees, or about the rocks on the beach, figures clad in picturesque rags seem to sleep away the sunny hours. We wandered about wheresoever we listed, unforbidden by locked gates or growling dogs, sketching the old Town gate, or the line of old walls, bathing from the beach, in and out of gardens rich with ruddy roses, and shaded by the graceful leaves of the palm-trees.

Business struck us as entering very insignificantly into Bordighera existence; the post office did not open until ten, and the pipe-smoking postmaster seemed to linger fondly over the routine connected with the expedition of a box of flowers to England. Wet weather necessitated our journeying by train to San Remo, a distance of six miles.

San Remo is to Bordighera what Cannes is to Antibes. From old-world quiet and picturesque originality, we were transferred to a town of broad, wide streets and good shops, splendid hotels, and bustling crowds. Still the old town, which looks down upon the fashionable quarter, well repays a visit, although it is the easiest thing in the world to lose one's way amidst the labyrinths of stepped lanes, all leading upwards between lofty lines of old houses spanned at intervals by buttresses in the form of arches. Amidst these labyrinths we are brought face to face with the old Italian every-day life as it has probably run on during long centuries. Meek-faced donkeys ascend and descend the endless steps with a swiftness and sure-footedness which is surprising. Trades and callings of all sorts are carried on in doorways, in cellars, under arcades; and the flecks of light and colour which peep out here and there amidst the brown and blue rags, the dust and filth of ages, the iron-barred windows and the tottering doors, the piles of golden fruit, the festoons of gaily-coloured shawls, the bright green of young leaves, tempt the artist to linger where the ordinary visitor would be repelled by the smells and squalor.

San Remo the modern is a pleasant town, with just a strong enough tinge of old-worldiness about it to make it attractive, and quite enough of London and Paris about it to suit the fashionable winter visitors. Endless walks up valleys of lemon-trees abound; each hotel has its own beautiful gardens; there are open squares and spaces where bands play or picturesque market-folk swarm, and, although we did not stay there, we heard that San Remo aims at a glorious future when it shall rival Nice and outshine Cannes. Our fifth day's walk was from San Remo to Alassio, a long stretch of twenty-nine miles, but memorable for its quiet and beauty.

The road is along the coast for the most part, and during the

whole day we enjoyed uninterrupted communion with nature, except when we passed through towns and villages, and were struck with the desolate character of a road the drive along which is worth all the railway journeys in Italy. There is no mistaking the road, for from the mountainous nature of the country it appears to be the only highway; moreover, the railway accompanies it throughout its length, now crossing it, now diving into tunnels and reappearing where least looked for; now high above it, now far below it.

Five miles from San Remo is Cape Nero, a bold, pine-clad headland, whence a magnificent land and sea view is obtained, the deep blue of the Mediterranean contrasting perfectly with the reddish-yellow cliffs, backed by innumerable green undulations dotted with hill villages. Taggia, the first village, is a type of some dozen villages through which we passed—an archway leading into a narrow, sunless street of tall, filthy houses, a church, and a little square, constructed, apparently, expressly to accommodate the lounging propensities of the entire male population.

It was here that we first began to be objects of curiosity to the natives; our costume of knickerbockers, Norfolk jackets, and deer-stalker caps seemed to puzzle them profoundly, and as we did not even carry knapsacks, the object of our rapid progression in a land where life never stirs above a jog trot was mysterious.

We passed through San Stefano, and arrived at the thriving, busy Porto Maurizio at mid-day, just when the one broad main street was thronged with school children and workmen going to dinner. There was nothing at Porto Maurizio to detain us but a big church, and some fine old houses which had evidently once seen better days, so we went along a pleasant shady road above the railway station to Oneglia, another thriving, crowded town of much the same aspect, but built upon arcades.

From here we followed a lovely road through the pine-trees to Diano Marina, a picturesque fishing village built along the shore, where ship-building is ostensibly a local industry, although upon half-a-dozen frameworks there were not half-a-dozen men at work. But for the women indeed it would seem impossible for life to proceed even at the local jog-trot. They were toiling in the vineyards, they were staggering along under loads of faggots, they drove the bullock-waggons, they drew the water, they shut the gates at railway crossings, whilst their lords and masters played "mora" or bowls in the sun, or slept in the shade.

From here to Alassio is an exquisite piece of road; now leading through the fine woods and the lemon groves, now skirting the red cliffs, now on the sea-shore, and finally between Largueglia and Alassio along fine, hard, shining sands lapped by the tiniest of crystal waves.

Alassio, a resort of some favour during the season, is a quiet town on the sea-shore, containing a couple of excellent hotels, and

sheltered from cold winds by the hills which surround it on all sides. We got out of the palm district here, and re-entered that of oranges and carouba trees. The varied outlines of the hills and the diversity of tints tempt the artist to linger here, and after our morning swim we were hard at work transferring "bits" to our books, although the unbroken glare of the April sun made the operation rather trying.

Our sixth day's tramp was from Alassio to Savona, twenty-five miles of rather hard walking.

From Alassio the road turns inland to Albenga, a very interesting old town for an hour's sojourn, built on the site of the ancient Albium Ingaunum. The approach from the bridge across the Caprianna river carried us back in imagination to the old feudal days when most of these Riviera towns were virtually independent communities under the rule of powerful princes who defied *per vim et armis* all outside interference and opposition—a battle-mented wall entered by an imposing gate, labyrinths of quaint old houses with windows barred by curiously twisted iron-work, surmounted by the three weather-beaten brick towers of the very curious old cathedral.

Of the Roman city the only relic is a splendid bridge of ten arches, which, however, crosses nothing at all now, the river having shifted its bed, and which runs parallel with the road. The masonry is superb, and is apparently as solid as when first put in place.

From Albenga the road winds through a flat orange and vine country to Loano, a clean, thriving little town, whereat we were taken from the humble *albergo* where we had halted for bread and cheese and *Chianti* by two gentlemen in the wine trade who knew England, who were delighted to air their English, and who perhaps pitied us for being the objects of such universal curiosity on the part of the unwashed and loafing portion of their fellow townsmen. They entertained us with excellent wine of their own producing, and would fain have made us spend the rest of the day with them, but for our representations that we had yet a good fifteen miles to go under a burning sun.

From Loano we went to Finalmarina, a busy and populous town with a fine old church of St. John the Baptist. The road from here to Noli is very beautiful, leading along the coast half way up the cliffs, which at Cape Noli it penetrates by a tunnel.

Noli is a quaint village of apparently faded importance, as the mediæval walls garnished with towers still run up the hill sides much in the same way as do the old walls of Lucerne. The view from Cape Noli is one of the most remarkable along the route, and to the stranger who has not yet made a closer acquaintance with them, the little white clusters of towns and villages scattered along the shore, with their pleasant backgrounds of deep green hills, appear the very ideals of quiet refuges for those weary of

an anxious, busy life; unfortunately closer inspection invariably destroys the illusion, and one is tempted to quote the lines from the missionary hymn anent pleasing prospects and vile humanity.

In our dusty and travel-worn garments we were somewhat diffident at making our appearance in grand Savona, with its streets of huge stone houses, its big railway station, its cafés and restaurants, its squares and gardens, and its numerous signs of active prosperity. However, we were lodged in the Hotel di Roma, which delighted us as being an old palace with large, lofty rooms, of which ceilings and walls were curiously painted, full of odd dark passages, nooks and corners, and broad staircases, and withal most moderate in price.

Our seventh and last day's walk was from Savona to Pegli, a suburb of Genoa, a distance of twenty-six miles.

We passed above the busy port in which half-a-dozen English north-country steamers were discharging coal, and ascended by a winding road amongst trees to the hills above Savona, whence a steep descent took us down to Albissola, at the entrance of which was a magnificent modern villa, heraldically decorated in the style of the Marquis of Bute's castle at Cardiff.

Albissola is occupied entirely by pottery makers and is very uninteresting. Five miles further on, in a pleasant country, is Varagge, a thriving town whereat we lunched in a typical "farmers' house of call" off vegetable soup and the inevitable veal, washed down by a decanter of Policella. We passed from Varagge through half-a-dozen villages of the usual Italian coast type, the rain pouring down in sheets, but being somewhat of a relief after the dazzling white of the hard dusty roads we had traversed during the past week.

At Cogoleto, a poor little fishing village, we halted to inspect the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, a three-storied house covered with laudatory frescoes and inscriptions. After we had reverently sketched it, an oldest inhabitant informed us with what we took to be a malicious grin that the present house was the third which had succeeded the original of 1436, so that we felt very much that we were the victims of a tourist's "sell."

Four miles out of Cogoleto we began to smell and see Genoa, and felt that the romance of our Riviera walk was at an end. Arengano, however, is beautifully situated, but after Arengano our road lay through filthy lines of manufactories, which continued through Voltri as far as our destination, Pegli.

We had always heard Pegli described as a charming winter resort, but in spite of the hotel and its gardens, and of the famous Villa Pallavicini, we agreed that we would with equal enthusiasm have embraced the prospect of a holiday at Deptford.

Everywhere here is squalor, noise, and filth. Smells unmentionable and indescribable gushed forth at every street corner; sea and sky were of the lovely Italian blue, at least we supposed

the sea to be, for it was hidden from sight by the railway, but all else was of the brown hue of much trodden but much beloved dirt.

It was therefore with much relief that we got into the tram-car, were swiftly carried over the seven miles into Genoa, and found ourselves cutting strange out-of-place figures in the gilded saloons of the Hotel Isotta.

These seven days represent perhaps rather harder walking than we should have done had we more time at our disposal, but we were in good training after a couple of months amongst the Nice mountains, and, as the railway has done away with the *raison d'être* of the good inns which formerly abounded along the route, after much examination we agreed that we had halted at the only places where decent accommodation for a night could be obtained.

Not the least charm of the walk was the invariable civility and hospitality of the country folk, and during our pilgrimage we did not meet with a single instance of want of courtesy, and only upon two occasions already alluded to of attempts at extortion.

FRANK ABELL.

F A D E D .

HERE is the rose you gave me, years ago,
Before the east wind blew o'er summer's day
And killed the golden roses. Fled away
Its fragrance and its glory now, as tho'
'Twere symbol of our own past. Dead? Ah no,
If I but touch these leaves, the Past will lay
Her image o'er the Present; twilight grey
Changes to sunny noonday, and the low,
Soft music of your voice is in my ear.
I murmur, "Dear, I love you." Sweet, you lift
One moment your fair face, and, in the clear,
Still depths of your dark eyes my heart is swift
To read the secret that this rose keeps, dear:—
They both are mine, the giver as the gift.

KATE MELLERSH.

CONCARNEC.

CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN Arthur Trevennen had just returned from India, where he had been soldiering for the last five years, and though he had seen some smart work on the North-West Frontier, had managed to escape scatheless from the perils of climate, lead and steel.

Both parents having died during his sojourn in the East, he found the emptiness and gloom of his own place in Dorsetshire so depressing that, in spite of the opportunity of indulging at his ease his taste for art afforded by the magnificent studio built for him in his absence, after a week spent in arranging the affairs of the estate, which had been somewhat neglected of late, he resolved to accept his old friend Jemmy Burden's invitation to join him and his wife at the lively and fashionable little Breton watering place of Dinard, where they had taken a villa for the summer.

The Trevennens themselves were of Breton descent, their family having fled from France at the sudden rising of the peasants in '93. They had bought a small estate in Dorsetshire with money which the family had, like many of their countrymen, prudently invested in English securities in anticipation of the troubles to come, and having become naturalized, abandoning their French title, had lived the quiet and peaceable lives of English country gentlemen up to the present time. How the Trevennens lost their Breton estate of Concarneec, which lies about twenty miles inland from the old seaport town of St. Malo, is a somewhat curious story, which it would be as well here to narrate for the better understanding of subsequent events.

When the long expected crash came in '93, and all the nobles were forced to fly for their lives before the frantic mob of peasants who were burning, murdering, and pillaging all before them throughout the country, the Marquis of Trevennen, great grandfather of our hero, having seen his family safe on board ship at St. Malo, returned to make the final arrangements with his trusted steward, Jean Ribault, in whose charge the château was to be left in the enforced absence its proprietor, in the hopes that the mob might be less inclined to wreck and destroy the property of honest citizen Jean Ribault than that of the hated aristocrat, the Marquis of Trevennen. The marquis, however, had underrated the fury and rapidity of movement of the revolutionists. Concarneec was surrounded, and its unfortunate owner seized and decapitated

at the foot of his own *colombier*, hated emblem of the aristocrats.

When things had settled down again and order was restored, Clovis de Trevennen, son of the murdered marquis, returned to reassume possession of the family estates, which Ribault had succeeded in preserving almost uninjured. The steward, however, refused to give them up. "Where are your title deeds, Citoyen Trevennen?" said Ribault with a sardonic smile.

"You have them, you villain!" replied Clovis, who knew that they had been in his father's possession when he was killed by the insurgents.

"You are right," answered the steward, "and what is more, I intend keeping them. I advanced your father in his lifetime much money, on the faith of those deeds deposited with me, and I have now taken possession of my own."

This Clovis well knew to be absolutely false, but the steward had firm hold of title deeds and estate, besides being in favour with the Republican Government, so it being useless to appeal to the law, he was obliged to return to England in impotent wrath, leaving his beloved inheritance in the hands of the scoundrel Ribault, whose descendants were still in possession of the fair lands which by right belonged to our hero.

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After a couple of months spent in lounging about the *plage* and "Casino" of Dinard, Arthur Trevennen resolved to tear himself away for a few days from flirting, lawn tennis, poker, and other fascinations of the gay and sunny little watering place, and make an expedition *incog.* to the old château of which his ancestors had been so cruelly and unjustly deprived.

Accordingly one fine afternoon, having crossed over by the crazy old ferry boat connecting modern frivolous Dinard and old-world, sober St. Malo, he took his place on the *banquette* of the diligence that crawled daily along the hilly road between St. Malo and St. Pol de Guirec, the nearest town to Concarnee.

After nearly four hours' dusty jingling through a lovely undulating country, where leafy orchards and rich corn lands alternated with wild heaths and dense fir woods, the driver, who had stopped at every village and roadside inn for a *coup de cidre*, and who had been everywhere cheerfully greeted as "Papa Nourris," suddenly woke up to unwonted energy, and redoubling his oaths and crackings of whip dashed into a dirty narrow street, paved with cobblestones and swarming with children, which proved to be the approach to St. Pol de Guirec. After passing through a narrow archway, part of the ancient fortifications which still surrounded the town, and bumping along two or three rough and tortuous streets, the diligence pulled up at the Hotel de Bretagne, where the usual crowd of loafers in blouses and *sabots* was awaiting its daily excitement. Arthur dismounted from the *banquette* and,

informing the hostess that he should probably stay for a few days, inquired at what hour the *table d'hôte* was served. The hostess told him that the six o'clock dinner was finished, but that something was always in readiness for any chance arrival by the diligence, and that in a few minutes he should have an excellent dinner, comprising a *ragout* and a *flan d'œufs*. While discussing this luxurious repast, Arthur drew the waiter into conversation, and asking indifferently what objects of interest there were to be seen in the neighbourhood, skilfully introduced the subject of the Château de Concarnek.

"Ah! *oui*, Concarnek, monsieur," replied Joseph, "that, indeed, is one of the most beautiful châteaux of the country; but unless monsieur is acquainted with some of the family he will not find it easy to gain admittance. No stranger, and but few friends, are ever received at the château."

"Indeed," replied Arthur; "that is a pity, as I wished to make a sketch of it."

"Ah, well," said Joseph deprecatingly, "if monsieur only wishes to make a sketch of the exterior I have no doubt but that monsieur will be permitted that much; but," with a wriggle and an insinuating smirk, "he is *trop jeune* and *trop beau* to be admitted into the interior of the fortress."

On an ordinary occasion Arthur would speedily have silenced the garrulous waiter, having in full the insular prejudice against servants' gossip; but he reflected that perhaps the discursive Joseph might afford him some useful information; so, offering him a glass of *bon vin*, he inquired carelessly why the portals of Concarnek were closed to youth and beauty.

"Ah, *dame!* but it is on account of Mademoiselle Berthe, *la pauvrete*," sighed Joseph sympathetically; "she is to marry at the Toussaint the Vicomte de Pain-Sec, and Monsieur Ribault naturally fears lest the sight of any one less hideous and shrivelled than the vicomte should rouse again the resistance which they say he has had so much difficulty in overcoming."

"And," continued Arthur, who was beginning to be really interested, "who is Mdlle. Berthe and who is this Vicomte de Pain-Sec?"

Joseph here gently hinted that his throat was getting somewhat dry. However, his wants having been duly attended to, he again took up the thread of his discourse.

"Mdlle. Berthe is the sweetest and loveliest young lady whom I, Joseph Brioux (*à votre service*) has ever had the honour of waiting on. She is but eighteen years old, and her blue eyes and chestnut hair are the admiration of all the men and the envy of all the women in the department of Finisterre. How such a bright, sweet-tempered angel can be the daughter of such a crabbed old stick as hard-hearted Gustave Ribault passes my comprehension. As for the Vicomte de Pain-Sec," continued Joseph, on whom

the *vieux médoc* was beginning to have some effect, "that, of course, is only his name *pour rire*. He is the Vicomte de Fréhel de Beauregard, and is as mean and ugly as he is old and rich. Ah, *mon Dieu!* what a husband for poor Mdlle. Berthe," groaned Joseph, with tears—engendered partly by sympathy and still more by the generous wine he had been imbibing—rolling down his pasty cheeks.

"Well," said Arthur, stretching himself lazily, "I must trust to luck for a sight of the château," and, lighting a cigar, he strolled out on to the *place* to listen to the band and watch the *bons bourgeois* of St. Pol de Guirec enjoying the balmy evening air.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, Arthur, having procured by means of his friend Joseph a *gamin* to aid in carrying his sketching materials, wended his way along the narrow, twisting lanes through which his little guide told him lay the shortest route to his destination. Leaving behind him the outskirts of the town, with its market gardens and *douées*, where chattering women were busy belabouring the rather coarse garments of *ces messieurs* and *ces dames* of Guirec, he soon found himself among the usual apple orchards and hilly fields of *blé noir*, and at length, after an hour's dusty tramp, perceived in a wooded valley below him, peeping above the thick beech and chestnut trees, some grey pointed turrets, which his guide informed him were those of the château. Arthur, having reconnoitred the ground, dismissed his little guide, plucked up his courage and walked along the broad avenue, past the old green stagnant moat, and boldly entered the great square courtyard, three sides of which were surrounded by the château, a chapel, a high, round stone tower, and various out-buildings, while the remaining portion was bounded by the ivy-grown wall of the old-fashioned terraced garden, into which a double flight of stone steps, with a handsome iron gate at the top, gave admittance. Arthur stood for some moments contemplating the sombre surroundings, which seemed dimly to recall to his memory some scene or spot he must have known in former years, till he was disturbed from his reverie by the sound of approaching footsteps. Turning hastily round, he found himself face to face with a tall, distinguished-looking old gentleman with a short, white beard and grey hair, dressed in a loose, well-made suit of American drill, who, lifting ceremoniously his broad-brimmed Panama hat, inquired distantly whom Arthur might be seeking. Arthur, though he had always pictured the wrongful possessor of Concarnek as a vulgar, ill-mannered *bourgeois*, correctly surmised that his gentlemanly interlocutor was Monsieur Ribault.

"I trust monsieur will pardon me," courteously returning the salutation, "but I am a painter, and having heard so much while travelling in Brittany of the beauties of the old Château de Concarnek, I hoped I might be allowed to make a sketch of it."

The old man reflected for a moment, and then replied coldly,

"If monsieur is desirous of taking a view of the outside of the château from either avenue, I have no objection. Good morning, sir," and, moving away with another polite bow, he disappeared through the arched doorway of the main building.

This was not exactly what Arthur wanted, but after such a very plain hint he saw clearly that for the present at least there was no hope of obtaining admission to the inhospitable stronghold, so he decided to relinquish operations for that day and return on the next to avail himself of the meagre concession that had been granted him. On the morrow, having carefully selected a site in the beech avenue, close to the moat, which commanded an excellent view of the west side of the château and principal entrance to the courtyard, Arthur set himself seriously to work, and before the six o'clock angelus had sounded from the bell which hung over the little chapel, had already got nearly half way towards the completion of a really beautiful picture of the old ivy-clad walls and massive gateway of Concarnek. He was just about to pack up when he was disturbed by the approach of a strange-looking conveyance, the like of which he had never seen before; the principal part of it being, apparently, a huge dusty leathern hood, swinging unsteadily on a mass of rusty jingling springs, drawn by a venerable brown quadruped, several sizes too large for the vehicle behind him. Arthur was hastily removing his things from the road when he heard a voice proceeding from the cavernous depths of the hood, excitedly calling out, "*Marie Ange! Marie Ange! arrêtez donc votre cheval. Let me out, let me out.*" The machine pulled up and out jumped the owner of the voice, a fat, rosy-faced little curé. "Monsieur will grant me permission to see his beautiful picture, will he not? I am so fond of art. Ah! but how lovely; how true to nature. Descend then, quick, Monsieur Ribault, and look at the gentleman's painting."

Monsieur Ribault, though not so enthusiastic as the little curé, seemed struck by Arthur's sketch and muttered, "Ah, yes, very good, very good. Are you ready, M. le curé; shall we proceed?" "Wait a moment, my friend," said the curé, and taking Monsieur Ribault on one side he spoke eagerly to him for a brief space, then returned smiling to Arthur.

"Perhaps, sir, when you come to-morrow to complete your sketch you will be able to spare a few minutes to look at the picture gallery of the château; M. Ribault would be glad of your opinion about some of the old portraits, which we fear are being injured by the damp."

Arthur was only too delighted at the unexpected opportunity of seeing the interior of the old home of his ancestors, so gladly accepted the proposition, and it was agreed that at eleven o'clock next day the curé should be ready to conduct him through the picture gallery. Arthur was careful to be punctual to his appoint-

ment, and found his talkative little friend of the previous evening sitting on the bank of the avenue impatiently waiting for him.

"Ah! at last, here you are; I feared lest you might have forgotten our engagement. I am so glad to have a chance of saving the old pictures, which, truth to say, my good friend M. Ribault sadly neglects. I have begged him for years to have them attended to by some competent artist; but always he puts me off, and the pictures are rapidly being destroyed. Oh! but it is a pity!" he cried despairingly—"but first," with a sudden change of tone, "let us introduce ourselves. I am Philippe Duclos, curé of this parish and chaplain to M. Ribault." "And I," returned Arthur, who had foreseen that this emergency might arise and that to mention his real name in Concarnee might cause its gates to be shut in his face, "I am Arthur Trevor, painter by profession, at your service." By this time they had reached the door of the château, and passing through it entered a large stone-paved hall, facing the entrance of which were two large grey stone pointed archways—one leading to the kitchen, the door of which, *à la mode de Bretagne*, stood hospitably open, disclosing the cook clattering about in her wooden *sabots*, preparing the mid-day meal; the other opening on a winding stone staircase, up which the curé nimbly mounted, and arriving at the top turned into a long oak-panelled passage, imperfectly lighted by a large oriel window at the further end. Down each side were the old portraits, irregularly hung, and from the mildewed and mouldy condition of both canvas and frames, evidently but little valued by their owner.

"Are all these ancestors of Monsieur Ribault?" asked Arthur, feeling considerable curiosity as to what the reply might be.

"Well, no," replied the curé, hesitating slightly. "Most of them are those of the former owners, from whom Monsieur Ribault's grandfather acquired the château at the time of the Revolution; but I am an amateur of art myself, and it is my opinion that some of the older ones are genuine and valuable works of our celebrated old portrait painters. Hence my great anxiety to have them preserved."

At this moment Arthur's attention was diverted from the prattle of his companion by the opening of one of the doors giving on to the gallery, and a couple of English fox-terriers bounded into the room, followed by the graceful figure of a girl, who, on seeing Arthur, hesitated and was about to retire, when the curé advancing quickly exclaimed:

"*Pardon*, Mlle. Berthe; permit me to present to you my good friend, Monsieur Arthur Trevor, a distinguished painter, one of that nation of whom you are so great an admirer."

Arthur thought he had never seen in his many travels so fair a picture as this white-robed, sunny-haired maiden, shown off against the background of dark oak panelling, but hastily collect-

ing his scattered wits, he stammered out some incoherent phrases expressive of his great pleasure at making the acquaintance of Mdlle. Berthe, who acknowledged his compliments with a slight bow, and turning to the curé, remarked quietly:

"*Mon père*, I came to tell you that the *déjeuner* is waiting."

The curé considered for a moment, and then, extending his hand cordially to Arthur, said:

"Let me beg you, Monsieur Trevor, to join us at our mid-day meal. M. Ribault will, I am sure, be delighted to see you."

Trevennen had good reason for doubting the truth of this latter statement, but having fully made up his mind not to miss any opportunity of extending his acquaintance with the Château de Concarnee, his interest in which since his introduction to its fair young *châtelaine* had increased mightily, he jumped at this welcome offer and, arm-in-arm with his new friend, followed Berthe through a curtained door into the dining-room, where Monsieur Ribault was already seated.

The old man, while not actually discourteous, treated Trevennen during the repast with a certain brusqueness of manner, which, however, the latter studiously ignored, keeping up an animated conversation with the curé and Berthe, whose tastes and pursuits he was delighted to find more nearly resembled those of an English girl than he would have imagined possible from the experience he had had of the conventional French *jeunes filles* he was accustomed to meet on the *plage* at Dinard.

The table having been cleared and coffee brought in, Mdlle. Ribault withdrew, and her father at once introduced the subject of the pictures.

"What do you think of my portraits, Monsieur Trevor?"

"Some of them are undoubtedly very fine," replied Arthur, "but they are all in a sad state from want of care and attention."

"Would you be willing to undertake the restoration of them for me? I would remunerate you liberally for your time and labour. You will, I think, consider that if I give you board and lodging during the period you are occupied and fifty francs for each picture the terms are not ungenerous."

Arthur, though inwardly much amused at the "generous terms," decided immediately to accept them, foreseeing that in the execution of his task, he would have many opportunities of exploring the old château and also of pursuing his acquaintance with the heiress. To his inquiry, when he should commence work, the old gentleman replied curtly that an apartment would be prepared immediately for him in the tower on the opposite side of the courtyard, but that the curé would arrange all such details, as he had no time to occupy himself with these things; so having conferred with his ally, one of the farm servants and a donkey were despatched for his effects, and the same evening found

Arthur, much to his surprise, an inmate, if not exactly a guest of the hitherto inaccessible Château de Concarnee.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER a week spent partly in conscientious labour in the picture gallery and partly in wandering about the lovely old terraced gardens and woods of Concarnee, Arthur began to discover that not only was he making good progress with his task, but that he was also falling seriously in love with Berthe, of whose society he had enjoyed a larger share than he otherwise perhaps might have, had not Monsieur Ribault and the good curé evidently imagined that no dangerous attentions were to be feared from so insignificant a person as the "English painter."

And truly it was not to be in any way marvelled at that Arthur Trevennen should lose his heart to the lovely piquante young mistress of the château, whose pretty broken English, even though the grammar was perhaps a little faulty, sounded to him so soft and silvery when contrasted with the society slang and nasal Americanisms he had but a short ten days ago found so amusing on the *plage* at Dinard. One morning early, as he sat at work in the gallery putting some finishing touches to a curled and powdered ancestor of his own, the little curé entered and, after a few compliments on the good progress he was making, proposed to him that, as the family, including himself, were going to *déjeuner* with the Marquis de Fréhel, he should accompany them, as the latter's château overlooking the valley of the Kerdean was well worth a visit both on account of the lovely scenery amidst which it was situated and the works of art it contained. Arthur, to whose memory the name of Fréhel brought back with a sudden pang of dismay the story told him by Joseph the talkative waiter, accepted eagerly, hoping to find out for himself how the land lay.

At eleven o'clock, the hour named by the curé, Arthur crossed the courtyard to the door of the château, where, on perceiving the equipages destined to convey the party on their expedition, he was seized with an inclination to burst out laughing, which he had some difficulty in restraining.

The old *américaine*, as it was called, with its huge leather hood, headed the way, and in it were seated Monsieur and Mdlle. Ribault, while behind stood a little battered green donkey-cart, with a plank across it strapped to the sides for a seat, on which was perched the curé waiting for Arthur, who solemnly took his seat.

"*En route,*" shrieked Marie Ange, cracking his whip from the box of the *américaine*.

"*Hue, donc!*" screamed the curé, and the caravan proceeded.

Arthur soon perceived that, from the rickety state of the conveyances and the patched nature of the harness, tied up in many places with string, a few difficulties and delays, *à la mode de Bretagne*, might occur on the road.

Nothing worse, however, happened than the curé and Arthur being left stranded for a short time on the first hill owing to their donkey, while being objurgated as a *limas à l'agonie*, or moribund slug, slipping entirely free from all his trappings and plodding indifferently on regardless of the yells of his charioteer till caught and brought back by Arthur.

A further slight delay was caused owing to their progress being obstructed in the town by a long procession of priests and acolytes carrying large banners, tapers, and crosses and singing loudly the "*Ora pro nobis*," which was taken up by a numerous following of small *gamins*, who derisively turned the chant into

"Ah, la pro nobis,
Un p'tit bout de saucisse."

This profanity roused the usually mild-tempered curé to fierce wrath and caused him to revile them bitterly as little *coquins*, *vauriens*, and *enfants du diable*.

At last, however, they reached in safety the Château de Beauregard, where they found the Ribaults had arrived some half hour before after an uneventful journey. Arthur, in spite of all he had heard of the peculiarities of his host's appearance, was far from being prepared for the reality which now met his gaze.

A man about sixty years of age, of tiny stature, with hawk-like features, whose chief expression was one of mingled cunning and meanness, beady black eyes and a huge pair of well-waxed moustaches with a small imperial; his dress consisting of a bright blue coat, tightly buttoned into a ridiculously small waist, the skirts sticking out like those of a ballet dancer, white duck trousers of an exaggerated peg-top type strapped under a pair of diminutive boots. Such was the bridegroom whom Monsieur Ribault destined for his fair young daughter, the sight of whom made Arthur determined to do his utmost to rescue the intended victim from her impending fate.

After a scanty and ill-served breakfast, Monsieur Ribault and the little "Pain-Sec" retired to the latter's sanctum to wrangle over the never-ending question of the *dot*, and the curé having slipped away to call upon a neighbouring vicar, Arthur and Berthe wandered out into the garden alone and unmolested. Arthur by this time had fully made up his mind that he would not only do his best to save Berthe from the marquis, but that he would also endeavour to win her for himself, though the obstacles in the way appeared almost insurmountable.

With some difficulty he gradually wrung from the timid maiden an avowal that he was not indifferent to her and how gladly she

would entrust her future happiness into his keeping could he only gain her father's consent, but that sooner than disobey her parent's commands, she would resign herself to his wishes and marry the hateful marquis, though her heart might break in so doing.

Arthur's thoughts were occupied during the return journey in endeavouring to devise some means whereby his apparently hopeless suit might be brought to a favourable end, but could see no ray of light before him, and the good curé, with whom he had become a great favourite, made many vain attempts to rouse him from his preoccupation, which, far from guessing its real origin, the little priest attributed either to a sudden attack of the *morgue anglaise*, or a slight indisposition brought on by the atrocious viands of old Pain-Sec.

"Moi-même," he murmured sympathetically to his companion, laying a fat hand on his stomach "moi-même, je viens de manger quelque chose d'horriblement mauvais."

After a sleepless night passed in pondering over his difficulties, Arthur rose early next day and went into the gallery, intending to commence work on one of the finest portraits in the gallery and one that possessed most interest for him. It was that of his grandfather, the last Trevennen who had held possession of Concarnek and who had been so foully murdered on his own threshold. While in the act of removing the canvas from the frame his attention was attracted by a small thin gold plate which had been tightly wedged between the back of the canvas and the frame. Wondering much what it was and how it could have got into such a curious position he pulled it out and examined it carefully. As far as Arthur could make out it seemed to be the lid of an old snuff-box which had been broken off and was covered on the inside with writing which had been scratched on it by some sharp pointed instrument. After giving it a few rubs with his handkerchief he was enabled to decipher the inscription, of which the following is a literal translation :

"MY SON,—Fearing treachery I concealed the title deeds under the sun-dial in the garden. Betrayed by Ribault, the rebels are on me; farewell.—TREVENNEN. I pray this may be found by an honest man who will convey it to my son Clovis in England."

Arthur read over and over again this strange message from the dead, and it was some time before his bewildered mind was enabled to grasp the full meaning of the words; the true villainy of the first Ribault was now apparent. The old marquis' death had been planned by the faithless steward with a view to possessing himself of Concarnek; a plot that had succeeded but too well; but now, unless by some chance the old sun dial-had been disturbed since the tragic event, dire retribution would be visited on the children.

Having thought the matter quietly over for a few minutes the immense change in his prospects of obtaining Ribault's consent to his marriage with his daughter became clearly manifest to Arthur. If he could once obtain possession of the title deeds, they, in conjunction with the writing on the gold plate, would be clear evidence of the guilt of Ribault's grandfather, and though he knew nothing of the legal aspect of the case, still he was convinced that the fear of exposure and disgrace would certainly prevail on a proud reserved man like the present owner of Concarneec sufficiently to induce him to consent to almost any terms to have the scandal kept from public knowledge.

No difficulty presented itself in searching under the old sun-dial. It was Monsieur Ribault's custom every day when he was at home to start off on his stout Breton cob at two o'clock in order himself to see what had been done by his labourers on the farm, and to assure himself that he was not being defrauded of a son's worth of work. Accordingly, as soon as the old man was fairly out of the courtyard, Arthur, having procured a spade from the stable, walked slowly and with beating heart to where the old sun-dial stood in the walled garden. After a few vigorous shoves the moss-grown column lay on the ground, and, having removed a few spadefuls of earth, Arthur's eyes were met by the sight of a small tin deed-box.

Strange to say, he had been so thoroughly convinced of the fact of the deeds being under the dial that Arthur felt no particular surprise or elation on finding his hopes realized, and picking up the box he returned to his room in the tower to examine his find at his leisure, without making any attempt to restore the garden to its wonted order. On opening the box any lingering doubt was speedily removed. Before him were most certainly the title deeds of Concarneec, and the game was in his hands. The steps of Monsieur Ribault's horse entering the courtyard roused Arthur from the pleasant reverie into which he had fallen, and walking across to the château he asked if he could be granted a few minutes' conversation.

"Certainly, I am at your service," and leading the way into the *salon*, Monsieur Ribault motioned Arthur into a chair.

"I may as well begin by telling you that my name is Trevennen, and that my great-grandfather was murdered here at his own château in '93——"

"Indeed," replied Ribault with a sneer; "I was unaware that I was entertaining such a distinguished gentleman."

"Wait a little," continued Arthur. "Your grandfather promised to keep the château safe till affairs became settled, and then restore it to my family. This pledge he basely failed to fulfil."

Here Ribault half rose from his chair, with rage and confusion on his face, but a peremptory gesture from Arthur caused him to sink back into his seat again.

"Now Justice is at hand, though her foot has been slow. When my grandfather, son of the murdered marquis, returned, he was denied restitution of his estates, because he was unable to produce legal proof of their ownership. That proof by almost a miracle is now in my hands. I have this day found, in examining one of the portraits in the gallery, a message from the dead which is clear evidence of the villainy of your grandfather. It directed me to search under the old sun-dial for the lost title deeds. I have found them, and they are now in my possession."

Old Ribault, who, while a deadly pallor had spread over his countenance, had remained perfectly still during the latter part of Arthur's speech, made for a few moments no reply; then, collecting himself with an evident effort, said:

"Monsieur de Trevennen, as I presume I am correct in addressing you, before we proceed any further may I examine these deeds which you have found?"

"Certainly," replied Arthur, "but it would be better that we should have a witness present. May I summon Father Philippe for that purpose?"

"By all means," said Ribault. "Father Philippe is a good man. He knows all my affairs, and we can rely on his secrecy and discretion."

Arthur left the room, and, having fetched the deeds from his chamber in the tower, dispatched a servant for his friend the curé, who quickly responded to the summons. Placing the deeds and the gold plate before Monsieur Ribault, he then briefly informed Father Philippe who he really was, and of the discovery he had made. The old man, who, meanwhile, had rapidly glanced over the parchments and read the inscription on the gold plate, then rose slowly from his chair, and, addressing Arthur, said in a clear, unfaltering voice:

"Monsieur de Trevennen, you will be good enough to believe me when I say that I was in utter ignorance of the sad story told by these documents and the writing on this piece of metal. I have always believed that the estates had passed into the possession of my family in virtue of sums of money advanced by my grandfather to your ancestors, and that the deeds had been lost in the terrible days of '93. As to the Marquis de Trevennen's statement, that he had been betrayed by his steward, I can only say that I believe and trust that the excitement and confusion of the moment may have caused the marquis to imagine that which was not the fact. And now, Monsieur de Trevennen, what steps do you propose to take?"

"I," said Arthur, on whom the dignified and manly bearing of old Ribault had made a great impression, "have now a proposal to make to you, which I hope may meet with your approval. If you agree to it the Château of Concarnek may remain in your possession as long as you live, and the discovery that I have made

need never be known to any living soul beyond Father Philippe, you, and myself. It is this: give me the hand of Mademoiselle Berthe, your daughter, in marriage, and the families and interests of Trevennen and Ribault will become one."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried the little curé, enthusiastically rushing at Arthur and warmly embracing him. "That is it, is it not, Monsieur Ribault? All will yet be well."

"Yes, yes," replied Monsieur Ribault, "but how about my promise to the Vicomte de Beauregard?"

"Ah, bah," answered the good priest quickly, "little Pain-Sec, is it? There has, you know, been no formal promise to him, and his contemptible meanness about the *dot* will be amply sufficient grounds for breaking with him."

"And my daughter?" said Ribault, turning to Arthur.

"I think," replied Arthur, with a slight blush, "that perhaps when Mademoiselle Berthe knows that it is with the consent of her father and Father Philippe that I address her, she may accept me as a suitor."

"Yes," added immediately the curé, with a sly look at Arthur, "I indeed am also of that opinion."

"Then," said Ribault, "so be it. I accept your proposals, Monsieur de Trevennen. And now pray leave me. I would be alone."

As may be imagined, Arthur was not long before he had sought out Berthe, and told her the happy news that Pain-Sec was dismissed, and Captain Arthur Trevennen had been promoted to his place with the full permission of her father.

"Thank God, darling," said Berthe, nestling close to him, "I would have married the vicomte—it was my duty as a daughter, but I think it would have broken my heart."

Berthe was too happy to inquire closely how the change had been brought about, and until the death of her father, which took place about five years after the events here narrated, she always imagined that it was disgust at little Pain-Sec's meanness and the discovery of Arthur's real name and position which had caused the parental consent to be given to their union. Arthur and Berthe, who spend half their time in England and half at Concarnek, adore each other more and more; and every summer, when the walls of the old château re-echo with the merry laughter of their children, the good curé, Father Philippe, who is the friend and confidential adviser of the family, rubs his hands and congratulates himself on the fortunate train of events whereby he was the means to first obtain admittance for Arthur Trevennen to the Château of Concarnek.

GLEAMS FROM MOONLIGHT-LAND.

POLITICALLY speaking, I suppose it is true that those places which make least noise are not only the best off, but are behaving themselves most properly. It is not therefore the good behaviour of a place which commends it most to the interest of the public and the world in general, for the only sure way of being talked about is to make as much noise as possible. And indeed, apart from this, it is a general rule that the world finds great sinners much more interesting than great saints; partly perhaps out of fellow-feeling, the world being essentially a wicked thing. Now, although the "Kingdom of Kerry" was in days long gone by the nurse of many a saint, and although it was on the summit of one of her highest mountains that the holy St. Brendan, the pious discoverer of America, lived, prayed, and watched the great Atlantic; still it must be confessed that for the past year or two she has been making for herself a reputation anything but saintly, and in so doing, she has been bringing herself very prominently before England and the world in general. The moonlighters, as they are called—satirically, I suppose, for visitors to Killarney will tell you that moonlight is a very rare thing in Kerry—have been prowling nightly in every glen, doing as they list, and then escaping scot-free—an expression which, by the way, should be altered to *Irish-free*—until the multitude of police-protected persons has become quite as remarkable as the scarcity of captured moonlighters, and until England, who moves as slowly as the Science and Art Department, has sent Sir Redvers Buller to try what he can do. What General Buller can do, remains to be seen; he may be just the man for the situation, or he may be as unsuccessful as that most honest of men, the late Mr. Forster; but all who are acquainted with Southern Irishmen in general, and Kerry men in particular, know well that the people from whom the bands of the moonlighters are recruited are as sly as foxes and infinitely harder to catch.

Kerry, or rather Killarney, is the best-known part of Ireland. The American tourist lands at Queenstown, leaves half of his too hot cup of coffee at Cork, that he may catch the easy-going train for Bantry, and, rattling through the groves of Glengarriff, may encounter a storm of hail on the Windy Gap, and inspect for one brief evening a genuine Irish drizzle from the windows of the Victoria Hotel on the Lower Lake. Whenever the political atmo-

sphere is clear enough, hundreds of wanderers—English, French and German, generally of the wealthier and better classes, for travelling in the south of Ireland is expensive—cross from Holyhead, race for Cork as fast as the comfortable carriages of the Great Southern and Western Railway will bring them, which is not very fast; adopt, obedient to guide-book advice, which in this case is excellent, the Prince of Wales' route; and if they are blessed with fine weather, a thing which really happens much oftener than people think, vow that, were it not for the beggars, there is no place on earth so unexpectedly delicious as Killarney. Such tourists think they know Kerry and its people. I can tell them they know neither the one nor the other. Killarney and the Prince of Wales' route, as it is called, form a very small part indeed of Kerry scenery; and if Killarney is the best-known spot in Ireland, the rest of Kerry is, strange to say, the least-known portion of this brace of islands. There is lake, mountain, wood and ocean scenery, as fine as any in Scotland, which no one ever thinks of going to see. It is strange that it should be so, with the crowded hotels of Killarney so close at hand. But, unlike other tourists, those who visit Killarney seldom wander from beaten tracks. It is not so elsewhere. If in Wales you seek out some remote and, as you think, unvisited spot at the back of Carnedd Dafyd, you will not be there dreaming over your favourite poet for half-an-hour before your reverie will be broken by the arrival of a couple of touring townsmen, got up with brand new knickerbocker suits and tinned alpenstocks. Such an occurrence is altogether unheard of in Kerry. There are villages there, where the arrival of a stranger is less frequent and almost more astonishing than it is in Timbuctoo or Uganda.

People who say they are acquainted with the Irish lakes will tell you that water scenery in Ireland, while more beautiful and richer in colouring than the corresponding scenery in Scotland, is not so grand or savage. But I could tell them of a lake not forty miles from Killarney, a lake known only to the native shepherds, to those process-servers who have been ducked in its waters, and to a few trout-fishers, and yet a lake which is overshadowed by precipices more awful than any which, so far as I know, can be found nearer home than the Alps or the Pyrenees. I have seen it when the writhing mists were hanging round the summits of the cliffs, which, scored with deep black clefts, fall away abruptly in long vertical lines of naked rock from the skyey altitude of two thousand feet over the water. A truly vertical cliff of any great height is rare. There are sea-cliffs on the west coast of Ireland which attain the height I have mentioned, and even exceed it, but they are not truly vertical. If they are inclined to the horizontal at so much as sixty or seventy degrees, they look terrible enough, and they are called vertical. But let no one imagine that the cliffs of which I speak are of this nature. They are absolutely

vertical. One of them actually overhangs its base for a height which cannot be less than ten or twelve hundred feet, and, not content with the terror of its front, it ends above in one of the most dizzy-looking knife-edges which I have ever seen either at home or abroad. When I first spoke of this lake, I did not intend to reveal its name; lest its sacred silence should be broken by the shout of the tourist, and its waters polluted by his lunch-papers and orange-peels. But as it has a strong guard in its inaccessibility and its moonlighting neighbours, and lest any one should doubt the accuracy of the above description and measurements, I shall change my intention. The maps call it Coomasaharn, and most of the natives know it by the same name, and you will find it set deeply in some high mountains which lie some thirty miles south-west of Killarney. If you go there, do not be content with looking at it from the northern extremity, where you see the streams leaping and foaming from one pine-laden ledge to another; but follow an Alpine shepherd's path on the left, which climbs up the rocks in break-neck fashion, and brings you to the margin of the little tarn of Coomacullen, where the huge naked crags stand round you on every side, and where, about a thousand feet over your head, there is an eagle's nest. If the mists are on the summits, and if an eagle comes sweeping down in front of the great black chasm up above you, you will be ready to swear that the ordnance surveyors were liars, because they did not set down the height of those rocks at four thousand feet. But you have not yet exhausted Coomasaharn. Climb the steep slope on the right of Coomacullen tarn, and be watchful how you go, for if you do not take care, your descent on the other side may be at the rate of sixteen feet in the first second, increasing to forty-eight in the next, with a further addition of speed later on. When you reach the point from which this rapid descent might be made, you can see both branches of the "Coom," and straight opposite, the great overhanging cliff of whose knife-edged summit I have already spoken. Look at it and tremble. If you do not tremble, you were born to become a member of the Alpine Club. I might speak of a multitude of wonderful places in Kerry which are seldom or never visited by tourists:—Coolyvrack, the haunt of wild goats, a mazy labyrinth of tarns and peaks; the lovely lake and river scenery of Glencar; the wild country of the Desmonds, culminating in the lofty hill of St. Brendan, which, rising more than three thousand feet out of the Atlantic, hugs in its great craggy arms whole families of tarns and waterfalls, and shelters in its nooks more Alpine plants and ferns than almost any other mountain in Ireland.

But ordinary tourists are not more ignorant of the scenery than they are of the people. The impression left upon the minds of most must be that every Kerryman is a born beggar. The town of Killarney is a hive of beggars, which swarms afresh on the arrival of each train. They are the most persistent and

loquacious beggars living. They will follow you for a mile, in spite of your most determined denials. To enter into an argument with them is fatal, unless you have the tongue of a Kerryman and can overwhelm them with your own eloquence. A beggar once followed me up to the top of Carrantual, the highest of the Reeks and the loftiest mountain in Ireland, a climb far more difficult than any of the recognized routes up Snowdon and nearly as long, and was satisfied with sixpence. When I mildly hinted that I had not requested the pleasure of his company, he said, with an impulsive naïveté impossible to resist, "Sure, yer honour, didn't I come up the whole way wid ye?" In general, however, Killarney beggars object to anything but silver. Blessings sometimes turn to curses when innocent new arrivals think to combine generosity with prudence by limiting their donations to copper. Such generosity is more despicable in the eyes of Killarney loafers than the conduct of the hard-hearted man who buttons up his pockets, sets his teeth firmly, and drives on in silent disregard. They curse in both cases, but the latter curse is tinged with admiration, the former with contempt. If strangers would sternly refuse to support these crowds of public nuisances, they would bestow a lasting blessing, not only on visitors, but on Killarney itself; for it is only the foolish lavishness of long generations of tourists which has made beggary profitable and therefore a trade. The genuine man of Kerry is by nature the very reverse of beggarly. He looks upon hospitality as a sacred duty, and he exercises it with a noble simplicity which does honour to his heart, and puts sometimes a severe strain on the slender resources of his purse. If he sees a way-worn wanderer passing his door, his first impulse is to bring the stranger in, to set before him the best refreshment the small household can furnish forth, and to send him on his way with a blessing, or lodge him in the house if he likes it better. I have often met with such kindness, and I have found it impossible to relieve my conscience in the matter of payment, and at the same time to spare the feelings of my host, except by resorting to some such device as making a present of the sum to a child. Yet the Kerryman is not a spendthrift, he is more saving than the majority of Irish peasants, and sometimes works very hard for what he lays by. It is said that some of the Killarney beggars even have large savings, and only wear their rags as a professional badge and as so much stock in trade.

Neither can one form a true opinion of the Kerryman from the Killarney boatmen and guides. Excellent fellows some of them are, but their trade has spoiled them. They have learned all the regulation legends about O'Donohue and Colman's eye; they can give you an absurd name for almost every island in the lakes; they can quote Sir Walter Scott, the Emperor Napoleon, and Mrs. S. C. Hall; and, in case you are insatiable in the matter of legends, they will invent some specially for your benefit and adapt them

to your own peculiar taste, if they can find out what that is. But these are not the genuine Kerry men as they exist in a state of nature uncontaminated by tourist influence. The uncontaminated Kerryman, as he may be found in the glens, is very shy about imparting to the inquisitive stranger such songs and legends as he has learned from his ancestors. It is not enough to profess an interest in everything Irish, to hypocritically proclaim yourself a warm advocate of Home Rule, or even to speak a little of the native language; he needs sundry exhilarating potations of the *vin du pays* taken hot, before his bashful reserve will thaw and his native eloquence flow freely on. When the stream does flow you will be overwhelmed in a perfect flood of legends, superstitions, and songs, poured forth, sometimes in Irish, sometimes in imperfect but fluent English, always in the high-pitched accent of Kerry. It is curious to observe the mixture of belief and scepticism with which marvellous tales are told. The narrator always expects his hearer to be sceptical, but something in his manner and tone of voice proves that he has, after all, a large share of belief himself. There is a wild recess called the Hag's Glen close under Carrantual, which is supposed to be haunted by a witch. On one occasion I tried to extract from a native the current notions on the subject. He told me how in days long gone by it was said the witch lived there and blighted the whole country with her presence. I asked, with sudden seriousness and with an air of intense belief, if she had been seen lately. He turned round and, with voice and manner full of deep awe, pointed to a small lake which lies black as ink under the crags of the mountain, and whispered in my ear, "More nor onst, me mother saw a big wurrum lift his head above the wather o' that lough." "And that," said I, "was the Hag?" "Ay," he nodded, "that war she."

In the wilder and more uncouth regions of Kerry there is very little English spoken; in some spots none at all. Some of the old people not only speak no English, but would not speak it if they could. In out-of-the-way glens I have even met old people who looked with great suspicion on any one unacquainted with the "ould language," as they call their native Gaelic. Still the Irish is rapidly dying out under the influence of the National Schools. Almost all the younger folk are learning to speak English fluently, and before very long they will come to use it exclusively; for the Irishman, in spite of all his so-called Nationalism, has none of that national pride which makes the Welsh nurse their language with such loving care. If you ask an Irishman why he does not keep up the old language, he will tell you that it does not pay. So I have been told over and over again. Now it may be thought that the spread of the civilizing English language into that wild moonlighting region is an unmixed blessing, that it must bring with it peace, prosperity, and all other good things English. To think

so is quite a mistake. The spread of the English language in Kerry is, I have no doubt, one of the main reasons why that county has suddenly become the very worst part of Ireland. Some years ago it was one of the best. When almost all other parts of the country were seething with political agitation, and making themselves notorious by agrarian murder, Kerry remained peaceful and, for Ireland, prosperous, undisturbed by the tumult raging all round. The reason was that people in Kerry spoke and read Irish only, and therefore they could not understand seditious newspapers, nor be moved by the harangues of political mob-orators, who never speak any language but English. All this is changed now. The National Schools have taught the youth of Kerry both to read and speak English, and wherever you go you see the Nationalist journals eagerly read, and the walls of every little hut decorated with the highly-coloured cartoons of *United Ireland*, flaunting their bitter lampoons upon the Government and all the representatives of order. This has been going on for some few years past, and now at last it is bearing its fruit. Kerry, once so quiet, has become the home of outrage and murder, and the English language has done it.

Any one acquainted with the people of Kerry simply as a stranger sojourning among them, who did not come as landlord, agent, police inspector, or in any other objectionable capacity, would wonder greatly how a people so kind, so polite, so hospitable, so pious, and so cheerful, could really be guilty of the atrocities which horrify the world. Nor could he understand how such a people, having been for years the quietest and best-behaved in the country, could suddenly become the worst. It is true that the Irish are a kind-hearted race, and although it may be thought incredible, on account of the number of maiming outrages, they are especially kind to animals. The apparent inconsistency arises from two traits in which the Irish mind differs greatly from the English—its passionateness and its flexibility. Irish music is the most passionate in existence, and the Irish character exactly corresponds. An eviction is a thing which strikes horror to the soul of the Irishman and makes him feel inclined to kill somebody. It stirs up all the passion within him, and the more he loves his family and home the greater is his desire for revenge. It is this feeling, combined with that flexibility of mind which separates one case from another, which will make a man who loves his own children well, and is kind to all his own animals, ready to shoot his neighbour and hamstring his neighbour's horse. Above all, Englishmen should never forget that the Irish have never learned the value of security. Englishmen of all classes know well that there can be no prosperity, and that legislation is of no use, unless there is that security which comes from an enforced law. Irishmen, on the other hand, even those who are fairly well educated, have never grasped this first principle of practical politics. And therefore it

is that people who live in quiet English counties, where the vast majority of the population has a decided respect for the law, and where every one pays his debts as a matter of course, cannot form a conception of the present feelings of the Kerry people on the much-discussed question of rent. Not long ago I asked a Kerry farmer whether the rents in his part of the country were high. His answer, spoken with a philosophic calm, as though he were speaking of things which were exactly as they ought to be, was one which would have surprised most Englishmen. "Well, they are, thin, but, begorra, we don't pay them." The right and wrong of the matter does not trouble the men of Kerry at all; the law of the land troubles them very little; what troubles them most is that there are some among themselves who have annoying consciences which lead them to pay and be false to the sacred principle of "no rent." And so it is that the murders and outrages which have happened in Ireland recently have been inflicted not on landlords and agents, but upon tenants who have paid, or in any other way rendered themselves obnoxious to the "no-rent" authorities. Those who pay lead a hard life in Kerry. I have seen tall constables armed with rifles walking along wild mountain roads in close attendance upon poor men who looked more miserable than most prisoners. I have asked the cause, and have been told they were men who paid their rents. If you wish to be comfortable in Kerry, you must not pay; for the probability of an eviction is much less than the probability of a moonlight outrage, while the discomfort of it is nothing in comparison. Pay no rent in Kerry, and you feel at peace with all mankind. Pay, and every hedge and wayside bog-hole is a thing of terror, from which even the hateful measured tramp of the gendarmerie as they walk behind will not set you free. The feeling of the people is on the side of the moonlighters. I asked a car-driver if there were many visitors at Killarney this season. He said there were very few. I told him the reason was that tourists were afraid of the moonlighters, and that if the Killarney people wished a good harvest they must put down the outrages. "Sure, yer honour," he replied, "the moonlighters wouldn't touch any one as didn't deserve it." It exactly expressed the feeling of the majority about those crimes which fill the mind of civilized and "law-abiding" man with horror.

Although he is, politically, such a rascal, the Kerryman is, apart from politics, one of the kindest and pleasantest fellows you could meet. An Irish sporting gentleman of the old school used to be described with admiration as "the honestest fellow alive, barrin' he'd rob a tradesman, you know;" and so we might with great accuracy describe a Kerryman as "the honestest fellow alive, barrin' he'd rob (or shoot) a landlord, you know." And indeed it must be confessed that if you come across him in the capacity of a non-political stranger—whether tourist, artist, or angler—there is no pleasanter and, I will add, honestest fellow to be met with. So

I have found him, and so I believe him to be. To the tourist and stranger, there is absolutely no danger. Killarney and Glengarriff might have been just as full this year as they were two years ago, before Kerry earned its bad name; and the crowd would come and go, and discover no more alarming sign of the disturbed condition of the country than an occasional police-protected person on the road, or perhaps it might see, as I saw not long ago, a party of constabulary, armed to the teeth, ascending a steep mountain road in a drenching downpour of rain, while the swollen streams were roaring and raging all round, and might find out by inquiry that there was an eviction in prospect at some lonely little farm far up the hills. But neither will the fears of the man who paid his rent, nor the sorrows of him who did not, affect the excellence of the dinner they give you at the "Eccles"; nor will they add the slightest sauce of real danger to the salmon you may hook above the dancing rapids of the Caragh river.

I know several inhabited eagles' nests in Kerry. They are, most of them, terrible-looking places, perched far up on the faces of stupendous cliffs; for Kerry eagles have a very large selection of eligible sites for building, and they have in general acted with rare wisdom. These birds are, if the shepherds are to be believed, moonlighters on an extensive scale, and it is certain they pay no rent. Attempts have been frequently made to evict them without even the formality of serving writs. Sometimes the evictions have succeeded, more often they have failed. On one occasion a dastardly evictor fainted from fright while dangling at a rope's end in mid-air, far out in front of the domicile he came to destroy. Now I would rather undertake to evict all the eagles in Kerry than be in Sir Redvers Buller's place as moonlight-queller-general—shall we call him Daylighter-in-chief?—to that ancient historical kingdom. His office is both unpleasant and singularly difficult. Unpleasant, because it is a position which puts him out of sympathy with the great majority of the population into whose midst he has gone; difficult, not only because to catch an Irish, and above all a Kerry, agrarian criminal is hard beyond the belief of most men, but because he has to catch these criminals and at the same time avoid as much as possible what has been stigmatized as coercion—although it is hard to understand why criminals should not be coerced. Difficult, then, as his task is, let us hope that he may be successful, and that he may be the means of depriving the two hundred thousand inhabitants of Kerry of their present bad pre-eminence.

FREDERICK DARE.

THE GREY MAN'S PATH.

AN ARTIST'S ADVENTURE SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

"SHURE, sir," said the landlord, "ye might see for y'rself 'av ye be so moinded, whenever ye plase, 'av ye have the patience and courage to bide in such a wild lonesome spot as nightfall comes on."

"And you tell me," said the traveller, "that's part of the 'grey man's' bargain, is it? He won't show up to more than one at a time, eh?"

"'Deed that's what they do say, sir, and that's what I do believe. Onyways no two people together has ever seen him, whereas there are many hereabouts as have had peeps of him when they've been alone—I myself more than once."

"Well, it is a dreary, lonesome place, as you say; even at mid-day; and on a wild and stormy evening a man would stand a rare good chance of toppling over the cliff if he were benighted; no, I don't think I shall wait, if I've done my work, for the sake merely of encountering the grey man. If he likes to turn up while I am there, I shall be happy to make his acquaintance."

"If ye do see him though, sir, I'd give him a wide berth, he's an ugly customer."

"I don't suppose he'll interfere with me; I sha'n't with him."

"Keep clear of his path onyway, that's all; don't bide within arm's length of it or he'll do you a mischief."

"Oh! I'm not afraid of his ghostship, if ghost he really be. I must go up there again to-morrow, if the weather holds clear, for I'm rather sweet on my sketch, and should like to finish it, particularly," added the speaker, "as you say it is already like the place, and that you would have known it anywhere."

"Ay, ay, 'deed I should, sir; why, yes, to be shure, there be all those blocks o' crag and boulder, which mark the 'Grey Man's Path,' as like as life, and where it goes down over the face of the cliff; why, it makes ye a'most giddy to look at it in the draught, even while one's sitting here snug afore the fire."

The room where the above scrap of conversation took place was the rough bar parlour of the "Dolphin and Anchor," the sole hostelry of which the small fishing village of Ballygarvar boasted sixty years since. And the village of Ballygarvan was but one of the more or less similar out-of-the-way groups of

cottages which at distant intervals dot the wild north-eastern sea-board of the sister isle. Nowhere in the district is the "envious siege of watery Neptune" more effectually beaten back by the rocky shore. That the land must have slipped away from time to time goes without saying, but the "from time to time," was so long ago that the memory of man ran not back to it. Everything looked so strong and durable, so time-worn and yet unchanged, that it seemed impossible it ever could change again. Nor was there any feature along that stretch of shore which appeared more durable than the great bluff known far and wide as Garvan Head.

Conspicuous for miles, it rose some six hundred feet above the level of the breakers for ever swirling and crashing up to its foot—a sheer wall of flat blackish-grey rock, absolutely smooth for the main part, save for a thin, ragged, diagonal whitish line running half-way down from a sort of rift or fissure at the top. The hills inland are so high and precipitous as to almost claim the name of mountains; and this Garvan Head is in fact simply a mountain abruptly terminated by the sea, sliced in half, as one may say, by that "great green dragon which is for ever eating up the land;" the other half having formed in that far back time a very considerable and apparently satisfying morsel for the monster; for, as has been said, he had not for a very long while seemed inclined to renew his meal in that direction. Treeless, almost pathless, boulder strewn and barren, the surface of the ground is nevertheless fine in colour, owing to the quantity of ragged wind-swept heather which clothes it. It is perhaps, this colour, intermingling as it does with crag, cliff and jutting rock, which would make it an attractive region for the artist. Even in the prevailing grey of the hard northern weather the warm tones of this heathy growth give a fortuitous, weird and lurid glow to the scenery.

The traveller above quoted, being an artist, had been drawn to the spot by these considerations; and though accommodation was naturally rough at the best in such a wild district, he was young and vigorous, and found in the "Dolphin and Anchor" sufficient comfort for his temporary purpose.

The season was late autumn, the hour drawing on towards ten at night. The two speakers were sitting before an ample peat fire enjoying their pipes and toddy, to participate in which the visitor had invited two or three of the rough fishermen frequenting the inn. It was his habit always to make himself at home with the natives, and in such localities as this became as far as possible one of them, associating himself with their lives and daily occupations, for he could manage a boat with the best of them, and in physical strength was more than equal to many.

All had now departed, and the artist was left alone with the landlord, out of whom he was getting scraps of local information.

This man was by way of being a fisherman also, and was part owner in many of the boats lying on the shore—a talkative pleasant fellow, but whose eyes, in spite of a merry twinkle, occasionally betrayed a look of cunning when he bent them upon his guest. The half-finished oil sketch in question had been exhibited, and was standing on a chair in as favourable a light as the pair of dim guttering candles afforded. After a pause, during which the landlord had been examining it closely, the artist took up the talk.

"Tell me more about this grey man," he said; "and his path—has it been there long?"

"Shure it has, sir, ony number of years."

"Is there any legend or story about it?"

"Aye, 'deed, and there is, too, and a mighty strange one. Not that I can spake for having it quite pat; but what I know I'll tell ye, and welcome, sir."

Then in effect this is what the artist heard:

Wild and lawless gangs of wreckers infested many parts of the coast of Ireland in the "good old times," and none were said to be more cruel than those in the neighbourhood of Garvan Head. Ever since the days when some of the ships of the Spanish Armada were driven ashore near the Giant's Causeway, the atrocious custom prevailed; and many of those who later on took part in it were supposed to be descendants of some of those crews who survived the disaster to the Spanish fleet. Settling eventually in the land, their offspring inherited much of the fierce blood attributed to foreigners; and to this day the handsome faces, swarthy complexions, black hair and eyes to be met with in many parts of the island betoken the mingling of Spanish blood. In the latter half of the eighteenth century a notorious leader of one of these gangs was a certain Cepos O'Morrogh, who throve and grew rich, it was said, on the proceeds of his infamous career. Foul and cruel deeds without number were set down to him, and conspicuously one which followed on the destruction of a noble ship upon some of the fantastic and dangerous rocks which stand out like fiendish sentries guarding the approach to Ballygarvan and the headland. A young man, bearing up a senseless and beautiful girl, and swimming and battling for life, was thrown by the violent, storm-tossed breakers on to a ledge of smooth rock at the very feet of a knot of wreckers, waiting, as the helpless strugglers believed, to rescue them. O'Morrogh was in the front, and even an outstretched finger would have saved the young man and his burden from being swept back by the recoil of water. But O'Morrogh instead seized the girl, and, tearing her from the weakened hold of her rescuer, passed her into the arms of one of his followers, as he with a fierce blow struck back the helpless man into the boiling surf, never to be seen again, until his mangled body was washed up, with others, upon the shore days

afterwards. The wreck happened in the early dawn. The girl was richly attired, having much jewellery about her, whilst the man was well-nigh devoid of clothing; and it was the sight of the jewels which caught the wrecker's greedy eye rather than her extreme beauty. But when she was found to be still living, other passions were aroused in the villain's breast, and he ordered her to be conveyed to his rude cabin, which lay in a sheltered hollow in the hills some quarter of a mile to the rear of Garvan Head. Here, the legend runs, the forlorn and helpless maiden was kept in captivity for many weeks by O'Morrogh, until one bright moonlight night, about the hour he was in the habit of visiting her to plead in vain his offensive suit, she managed to escape. As she was flying, she knew not whither, across the bleak hill top, she saw him coming. Then she flew still faster, now towards the edge of the cliff, he hotly pursuing. Her light form flitted like a ghost beneath the moonlight, but her strength was well-nigh exhausted, and had the cliff edge been many yards further, he would have overtaken her, and her freedom in the arms of death would have been exchanged for a return to captivity and outrage. Happily the ruffian was baffled. She reached the craggy ridge overhanging the precipice, and before he could seize her she had taken that wild plunge into space and eternity which was at once her salvation and his defeat. He gazed over the cliff, furious at being baulked, and began, it is averred, to make his way down the face of it by the narrow diagonal ridge which traverses it to the eye of the spectator at sea like a faint whitish line. Some of his comrades in crime came up in time to see the end of the pursuit and to see him slowly disappear over the crest. But when they, too, gazed down, there was no sign of O'Morrogh or of the hapless girl; they had both, of course, perished. The foothold on the diagonal ridge of rock was so precarious as to lead to certain death, and O'Morrogh was the first man ever known to attempt its descent, and the last, for he was never seen again in the flesh. Years after, however, the superstitious terrors of the scattered and sparse population were aroused by a report that solitary wayfarers across the mountain at times would see the figure of O'Morrogh gliding between the site of his old cabin and the sea, and that the way across the heather by which he passed was worn into a path as if by the constant tread of feet. At the period when he met his well-deserved death he was said to be sixty years of age, and, though still strong and upright, his originally black long hair and beard had grown quite grey, and for this reason the trodden path along which he was seen to go was named after him, and "The Grey Man's Path" it has ever since remained.

When the narrator reached this stage of the legend and paused, the artist said:

"And the people tell one of course that he is to be seen there

now. Well, I can only repeat, if he comes at my time I shall be happy to meet him."

"Shure, and I'd advise ye not to say so, sir."

"Why?"

"Because, ye see, sir, as ye must be alone, all by y'rself like, for to see him at all, ye'll get no help if he seizes hold of ye, as he's shure to do if ye trespass within the breadth of a hair on to his path."

"Nonsense; ghosts don't seize hold of people."

"'Deed, but this one does, as many knows to their cost, and as they'd say if they lived to tell the tale."

"What! does he murder them?"

"Just flings 'em over the cliff, and there's an end."

"I should think there is an end. But how is this known? Are their bodies found?"

"Divil a one, sir."

"Do they utterly disappear, then?"

"Intirely, sir; and that's how we know the grey man's had 'em in his clutches."

"My good friend, as a sensible man, I wonder you can believe such rubbish."

"Ye'll na' say it's rubbish gin ye meet him; and rubbish or not, ye'll na' tell me that where heather and grass won't grow, and snow won't lie, the path's not held by an evil spirit."

"Explain; I don't understand."

"I mean just this, sir, and just what I say. Come summer, come winter, the path's always bare, clean and clear marked out—a winding line from the heap o' stones where O'Morrogh's cabin stood right away there up to the cliff edge, and just the particular line the flying damsel went along with the murdering villain in her wake—the path ye just show a bit of in y'r draught here, as it goes atween the crags at the top o' the precipice. If ye mind what I say, sir, ye'll give the place a wide berth. It's na' canny; I'd not go there again."

"But I must; that's settled."

"Onyway, if ye do go, don't set foot on the path, whatever ye do. Maybe he'll na touch you then, though likes enough he'll scare the wits out on ye wid his evil eye."

"Well, I'll risk it. I shall go up to-morrow in spite of him. Now good-night, it is time to turn in. I'm obliged to you, my friend, for telling me the story."

The last sip of toddy was drained, the ashes of pipes knocked out, and the two parted for the night.

The hamlet of Ballygarvan stands on the rough shore in a dip or cove between the hills, and a stiff ascent of about two miles along a wild, scarcely-perceptible mountain track among the heather and boulders brought the travelling artist early the next day to the spot near the edge of the cliffs where he had begun his

sketch, and which lay within a yard or two of the mysterious Grey Man's Path. The view was grand and impressive, embracing the grim but picturesque coast, with its irregular lines and the wide stretch of ocean, sombre and leaden under a gleamy, windless autumn sky. The rising mass of Garvan Head, coming up on the right of the picture, with its craggy edge cutting against the sea and sky, and then sloping away inland to the left, made a splendid foreground, and was all a painter could desire. His enthusiasm soon set him to work, and for several hours he became completely absorbed in it. The gradually freshening breeze and the gradually slow piling up of some threatening storm clouds in the north-east lent ever-increasing value to the effect.

Towards the afternoon the closing in of the daylight was accelerated by the deepening tones of the clouds, and the slight and intermittent influence of the declining sun added greatly to the lurid effect the heather-clad hills naturally wore. A wilder, lonelier, more weird-looking scene than this now became could hardly be imagined. About four o'clock, too, the wind again entirely dropped, and there succeeded one of those temporary but ominous lulls, the sure presage of a storm. A strange stillness pervaded nature, only broken by the occasional murmuring of the surges on the shore far down below. For another half-hour the painter's attention was entirely riveted on his sketch. He had not seen a living creature since leaving the village. One or two sails only were visible on the horizon, and the very sea-birds seemed to have deserted the air; but about this time a couple of carrion crows swept up from the face of the cliff below him, and, after swirling around for a minute or two, with a dismal croak dropped out of sight again. For another short interval nothing occurred to disturb the patient enthusiast. Now, however, the distant muttering of thunder fell upon his ear, and for the first time he cast a look about him. He was sitting amongst the stunted heather at his light easel, with his back towards that part of the Grey Man's Path which wound away inland; but, as has been hinted, the termination of it among the craggy boulders at the cliff edge swept round well in front of him and came conspicuously into his sketch. But for his desire to get to work, he would, on arriving at the spot, have at once explored the bare, narrow track.

The landlord's story had excited his curiosity, and as he was putting some final touches on his canvas he determined to trace the path from end to end before returning to the inn. Yet he still lingered over his work, unable to tear himself away, until at length the increasing darkness and a louder peal of distant thunder warned him that it was time to give up.

He rose from the camp-stool with a stretch, and, turning slightly round, started as he found himself suddenly face to face

with a strange and weird-looking figure. There on the path, within a yard of him, stood a tall man habited like a foreign seafarer, with a long grey beard and hair nearly down to his shoulders. The piercing black eyes, set beneath heavy, dark eyebrows and partly shaded by a quaint peaked cap, gleamed fiercely from a countenance well-nigh as grey as the hair on it. One hand was outstretched as if arrested in the act of seizing hold of the artist, but he was not quite within reach. So unexpected, so threatening was the appearance of the figure—for not the faintest sound had warned him of its approach—that he remained petrified and appalled. But presently stepping back beside his easel, he was about to protest indignantly, when the intruder dropped his arm and noiselessly proceeded along the path without casting another look at the bewildered and astonished young man.

Going in the direction of the cliff edge, the figure had nearly reached it, when it again turned, paused, and glared fiercely.

"If you are the grey man," thought the artist, "you are no ghost, that's settled;" and he began hastily to gather his traps together. Only for an instant, however, did he take his eyes off the other; but that instant was sufficient, for when he looked again the figure had vanished. There seemed hardly time for it to have passed round the one projecting boulder which might have partly hidden it, and beyond that and within a foot of it was the top of the precipice. The broken ground and stunted heather at the actual edge offered no hiding-place, and the effect consequently was as if the figure must have gone over the cliff.

Now that he had had time to recover himself, curiosity returned with overwhelming force upon the painter. He was no coward; and when he had buckled the last strap of his haversack, he bethought him that at least he would not leave the spot without endeavouring to clear up the mystery of this strange visitation.

A few paces brought him to the brink of the dizzy height on the alert for anything that might happen. Preparing cautiously to look over, he became aware of something moving close beside him, and, turning, saw the figure as it emerged from another of the irregular projections immediately overhanging the precipice, but which he had not imagined offered foothold. In an instant it was upon him with uplifted hand, in which gleamed a long knife. But the painter was too quick. He slipped aside, and the descending weapon, merely grazing his shoulder, passed through into the sleeve of his thick frieze coat. Before it could be withdrawn he had struck a blow which, staggering his assailant for an instant, gave him time to get back upon firmer ground—but time for that alone. Ere he knew it almost he was engaged in a death struggle, hand to hand. Each had the other by the throat, by the arm, by anything offering hold. They swayed to and fro for several moments in horrible proximity to the very verge of the abyss, into which it looked as if they must both fall.

Stumbling, clattering, and scattering the crumbling earth and stones in all directions, the two fought like wolves. The blade again and again gleamed in the air, but every attempt to drive it home failed. The match in strength seemed nearly equal. Desperate efforts were made on both sides to throw one or the other. The artist was striving to keep the fight away from the precipice, as the bearded man was doing the reverse. Scarcely a blow was struck, so occupied was each hand by clutch and grip. Now one way, now the other, they lunged and plunged, and no one could have said which would gain the mastery, when it was settled by their both tripping and falling in a huddled heap among the boulders on the actual brink. Happily the painter was partly uppermost; and when in a second or two he endeavoured to free himself, he found no resistance. His assailant lay senseless; the back of his head had struck against a sharp edge of projecting rock, and the crimson blood was already mingling with the long grey hair. Rising from his knees the young man drew a breath of relief, whilst his first impulse was then and there to thrust the scoundrel over the fatal ridge. But his humanity prevailed, and instead he dragged him on to a less hazardous and smoother place. He was himself sorely bruised and cut. Both hands were bleeding where from time to time he had grasped the dagger, and which, as he presently looked round, he saw lying at his feet. It had been a short but fearful bout, all, as it seemed to the survivor, the work of a minute; and we may suppose for a while after he scarcely knew where he was or what he did. But by degrees he found himself gathering his wits together, and binding his wounds as best he could with the shreds of his handkerchief.

The short twilight was fast settling down, and, irresolute at first, he presently bethought him he had best make his way home ere his exhausted strength failed him entirely. A multitude of ideas whirled through his brain—the escape for life that he had had—the unprovoked attack—the mystery of it all. And then he thought of the object which had brought him into the danger. This steadied him—his art—his sketch. He left the still motionless body where it lay, and returned for his materials, but picking up the dagger as he did so. He had slung them over his shoulder and was just about to hurry away when a groan arrested him, and he once more returned to the prostrate form. As he bent over it, the dark eyes glared up at him with as fierce and savage an expression as ever. The lips moved, but uttered no sound, and one sinewy hand clutched wildly at him.

"You dastardly scoundrel," said the young artist, "you deserve that I should fling you over the cliff, but you shall lie where you are till the morning. I don't get within your reach any more."

The lips moved again rapidly as if making a defiant answer, but the hand now found its way towards an inner breast pocket, and began slowly drawing forth a pistol. The moment the painter

saw what it was he seized it and dragged it from the enfeebled fingers. Doing this rapidly and angrily, he tore open the pocket and pulled out with the weapon a dilapidated-looking and limp leather case or pocket-book. The hand made a desperate effort to recover this, and the body writhed in its futile endeavour to move the arm towards it. But the artist was too quick, and had possessed himself of both pistol and pocket-book in a moment.

"No, you don't; I'll keep these for the present," he muttered, hastily thrusting them into his pocket. "You will be safe where you are; I don't think you can move far;" and indeed the eyes were closing as he spoke, and the blood was soaking the grey hair the more freely from the recent movement. Casting a final look at his assailant the young man turned away, and without more ado began to retrace his steps towards the village. He had not descended the hill very far ere he found great difficulty in seeing his way. The darkness had rapidly increased, large drops of rain fell at intervals, and forked flashes of lightning, quickly followed by peals of thunder, half blinded and deafened him. The threatening storm was breaking over his very head, and in a few minutes a deluge of rain poured from the inky clouds. Stiff and aching, and soon wet to the skin, he nevertheless continued his descent; but it was long ere he dimly discerned the feeble glimmer of a village light, whilst the darkness grew momentarily more and more difficult to steer through. At last he had cleared the trackless heather and boulders and reached the rough way at the commencement of the ascent to the Grey Man's Path. He had kept his course fairly well, and when, half dazed with the roar and confusion of the elements and overwhelmed by fatigue, he arrived in the village highway and in a few minutes at the inn door, he had hardly strength left to stagger in.

Once there, however, he soon recovered from his buffeting, changed his clothes, and disclosed his perilous adventure to his friends the fishermen. They appeared to regard him incredulously at first, though the landlord muttered something about its being no use warning obstinate folk, and that it was nothing more than might have been expected. The pistol and dagger created profound interest, and whilst a hot supper was being prepared the articles were subjected to close examination.

"The weepens both are foreign make," said the landlord as he passed them round to his mates with a sly look. "'Deed, and I'm sorry to touch 'em; but what will we do? I'm na' for going up to the Head on a night like this, and I take it none o' ye will be inclined that way."

"Na, na," was the general response, "the grey man must bide where he be, if grey man it was."

This view was unanimous, and although the thunder had somewhat abated the wind howled and roared as it can only howl and roar in such a region.

A thousand questions assailed the traveller while he was eating his meal, but not till he had finished did he attempt to answer them in detail. Then he said, "Whatever he was, he was no ghost, that's settled; and now we'll see what we can make out of this case;" and he produced it accordingly. It contained something heavy, and was fastened securely by a spring catch. As he weighed it speculatively in his hand, the men peered at it inquisitively, but seemed to have a great objection to touching it.

"Men alive, it won't bite you," he continued as he spread the strong pocket case open on the table. From an inner recess he then extracted two strange-looking keys, one very large. "Foreigners, too, I expect," he said, examining them; "but that's all the thing contains." Curiosity of rather a forced kind, as it seemed to the painter, was assumed by the landlord and the rest as the keys were scrutinized, and he could not help fancying that the men eyed each other significantly. Still he ordered a brew of toddy, and as it was partaken of an agreement was come to that a burying party ought to go up the next morning with the traveller to the spot.

"He'll bleed to death, if he's not dead already," hinted the landlord somewhat anxiously; and the fishermen seemed to share in the feeling.

"Well," said the artist, "he brought his fate on himself; and for the matter of that, it will be a good job if this is the last you hear of the grey man, I should think."

There was but a faint echo of this sentiment, which struck the guest as somewhat odd, not to say ominous; but after a while he pleaded fatigue and the smarting of his wounds, which proved not very serious, however, as a reason for going to bed early. So he left the *habitués* of the bar to discuss the affair without him.

Even the hardy inhabitants of Ballygarvan could scarcely have slept much more than did our traveller in the face of such a storm as that which raged during the night, almost until dawn. It was the most terrific ever remembered; and soon after he went to bed the roaring of wind, sea, and thunder reached such a pitch and so shook the very foundations of the place that the artist, as he lay in his snug little bunk, fully believed that he felt more than one shock of what seemed very like an earthquake. Prospero might have "called forth the mutinous winds, and 'twixt the green sea and azure vault set roaring war." For assuredly the firm-based promontory must have been made to shake; and if there were no stout oaks to be rifted by Jove's own bolt, anything which lay exposed beneath that frightful tempest would have stood a fair chance of being riven to the core. Save that the wretched being, whoever he was, fully deserved his fate, his young victim might have relented as his thoughts wandered again and again to that powerful and vigorous form lying helpless, probably dead, out on the brink of the fearful cliff. The scoundrel deserves no pity, he

thought; but if anything could excite it, such a night as this would. However, the night and the storm, like everything else in this world, came to an end, and the morning broke clear and bright, but with a terrific sea of course still running. The traveller, while dressing betimes, saw from his window, which overlooked the bay, that the effects of the hurricane were exciting profound attention from the few knots of people gathered along the shore all looking and pointing in the direction of the cliffs. Soon joining that where his landlord stood, he was met with the salutation:

"By all the saints, sir, shure such a thing has never been seen in ony living man's time. Look yonder, sir, the storm and the earthquake has torn away the very face off the head, as ye may say."

The artist gazed in the direction of the man's outstretched finger, and saw that a very remarkable change indeed had overtaken the sea face of Garvan Head. An enormous landslip had evidently occurred; and though the promontory was too far off for the naked eye accurately to determine the precise spot, the traveller fancied it was just beside and beneath the Grey Man's Path, and he said as much.

"It will be so, sir," acquiesced the landlord and several other bystanders. "The white line across the face is mainly cut away, and there looks to me like a great black hole split up from Port Garvan Cave, which, ye know, lay a wee bit to the nor'ard at the foot o' the cliff. We will be able to get up to it a'most now on that mass o' slither that's come down. Why, it's as big as a church, and alters the whole run o' the tide."

This again was true; the *débris* now prevented the sea from washing the base of the cliff, and the foam and spray were raving against the fallen masses of rock as if furious at being baffled in their usual attack on the land.

"That scoundrel's body will have gone down with the falling mass, I take it," said the artist, "and there will be no need for a burying party now; but I shall go off along the top and see what has happened. You fellows will come?"

Two or three fishermen acquiesced, and within an hour the artist, the landlord, and their followers approached the top of the headland by the usual ascent. They soon discovered that the conjecture was right. Some forty feet had been split away from the cliff face, close to where the Grey Man's Path terminated amongst the boulders at the edge; but the path itself remained, all save the last few yards of it, which had gone, and the gap which was left presented a curious formation, partly natural, partly artificial. It looked like the inside wall of a house while being demolished or after a fire, where the chimneys and flues are shown in section. From the top and immediately beneath the projecting boulder from behind which the figure had sprung out upon the painter with uplifted knife, a series of rough steps, with a rope dangling

for a handhold, descended into the enormous chasm which had been made. There had evidently been a way down there—a sort of well, the construction of which was quite plain now that the hither side of it had been torn away. As the exploring party peered over into the abyss below they saw that the passage led by various zigzags into a vast open vault or cave, which had once laid concealed in the very bowels of the earth, but which by the catastrophe was now unroofed as it were and so lay partly open to their view, as did also some of its contents, in the shape of small kegs and barrels piled together in disorder.

"Oh, oh," exclaimed the artist with a low whistle as he saw this; "the secret of my grey man at least is out—a smugglers' store, eh? and they got access to it from the very uttermost edge of the precipice, behind yonder boulder and which hid the opening. But what's that long, queer-looking, twisted snake of a thing among the barrels?"

The landlord professed profound astonishment at the spectacle, but then after a moment, bending on him a cunning look, said with much confidence:

"Hist, sir, don't spake of it. Don't ye know that machinery? That's just the worm-pipe of a whisky still, curling away there fra' the boiler tank over the peat stove to the vat in the corner. Ah! by the mother o' Moses now, to think of an illicit thing like that going on here widin two miles of us, and none of us knowing it. And no wonder, for who'd a thought o' looking for the vent of a flue on the face o' Garvan Head? Ay, but 'twas a cunning place; but shure it was the boys' dodge to scare honest folk fra' looking after 'em. What 'cisman would ever a thought o' running 'em to earth in a burrow like this?"

"And do you fellows mean to tell me you didn't know it?" said the painter. "I'll be bound some of you have tasted the product, at any rate, many a time."

"Divil a bit, sir," was the combined response. "How should we any more than other folk? Not a soul of us. But where's the man all this while that ye left for dead—the murdering ghost-shamming villain. To think of it now, that he and his mates have been carrying on wid this trick for any number of years maybe."

"Ah, I wonder who his mates can be?" said the artist with a wink at the landlord. "I'd lay a wager you could put your finger on some of them; but I hope they are not quite so bloodthirsty and savage as he was. And where is he all this while? Gone over, I expect, with the fallen cliff. I left him lying exactly on the part that has fallen, and that's buried mainly in the sea."

"Deed, p'raps, and it's a good job," said the landlord somewhat seriously. "Maybe there'll trouble come out o' this when the 'cise officers find it out; and it's better the master's tongue should be silent or he might get others into trouble."

"Yes, yes, I quite understand; but now look here, my men,

don't think I want to split upon you ; but just tell me honestly all about it," said the painter, turning towards the whole party, who were now but half pretending astonishment at the discovery. "You knew what this grey man's game was; for he couldn't have managed the still alone."

"Deed, but he could, though, and did," whispered the landlord, continuing clumsily to assume innocence; "by me soul, not one of us here did ony more than now and again bring a boat under the lea o' Port Garvan Cave and carry off a keg or two when the wind was fair and quiet; and how should ony of us know where they came fra', or who made the liquor in 'em? But hist, sir, hist for the life on ye. Here's a crew o' folk coming up fra' the village, and we'll not talk of it now; but the game's over, and there aren't ony witnesses to prove onything. The only one's dead. Kape quiet, I'll tell ye to-night all about it, when we're alone. Don't let the mates see us talking too much. They'd not like, p'raps, that I'd tell ye."

The artist put his finger to his lips in sign of agreement, as several labourers and a stray inhabitant or so of the neighbourhood began to join the other men, who had moved somewhat apart from the two speakers.

How much was true of what the landlord that night told his guest, the latter could not quite determine. Some of it was, he did not doubt. The chief actor had disappeared in the landslip; and although the articles the artist had taken from him verified a few points, there were a great many which remained entirely unaccounted for to the end.

Mine host of the "Dolphin and Anchor" declared on his oath that he had no complicity in the business.

"Ye see, sir," he said, "they make a deal o' whisky in these parts in that way. The boys learn the trade at Coleraine, Bush Mills and the like, and him as I had mine from came fra' Derry, and he used to swear he brought it round from the Loch to Port Garvan Cove as the most convenient place for us to pick it up at. It was not for the likes o' me to ask questions, particular as he favoured it at cost price; but, by me soul, y'r honour, I was as innocent as a babe of there being a still where we found it this morning, whatever I guessed;" and this much the artist partially believed.

"But then," he said, "you knew that fellow was no ghost that used to be seen on the Grey Man's Path?"

"Well, sir, I must confess I did," answered the landlord, somewhat abashed, but with a knowing smile. "But most folks thought he was—'twas best to let 'em think so. I tried to make you think so."

"I know you did. But, judging by what you told me and what I experienced, he was a ruffian of the deepest dye."

"Deed, sir, but we didn't know that for certain. Peop'e had

disappeared, but who could tell how? Faith, nobody knew onything of the ghost-man himself. On my soul I didn't, onyway. Once or twice I'd seen him in conversation with the man fra' Derry out on the hill; and when I put a question, I was cautioned not to meddle wid him. 'He's a daft kind o' crature,' said the Derry man, 'but he's useful to me; he kapes up that story about the Grey Man's Path, being like O'Morrogh in the matter o' beard and hair, and that suits me. We don't want folks prying about on the Head and there away.' 'Deed but I think he said he was related distantly to O'Morrogh; but there, sir, I couldn't tell ye. I never saw him onywhere else but on the hills at a distance, for I never liked the looks on him. I was not for scraping acquaintance wid him."

"The Derry man, then," thought the artist, "really holds the clue. I shall try and find him out on my way back to England, as I shall take ship at Londonderry."

Now this the painter did, and from the Derry man picked up all he could ever find out.

* * * * *

The hero of this adventure, the travelling artist of those days, is now a hale old gentleman of eighty-seven, who has long ago won renown as a landscape painter. He protests his memory is hazy as to certain details, particularly as regards what he heard in the end about the grey man. In recounting it quite lately, however, he said, "There will be sufficient to finish the story, I doubt not. I remember I had great difficulty in getting hold of that fellow at Derry; and when I did, it was only by alternate bribes and threats that I induced him to confide in me. Things were all very different in those far back days to what they are now. Superstition, together with wild and lawless habits, prevailed in the remoter parts of the British Isles, especially in Ireland, to an extent you youngsters have no idea of, though, from what I hear, they seem pretty lawless there again at present. This Derry man was connected with the excise, but did not scruple to make use of his official position to fill his own pockets. When he saw I knew as much as I did and the tale about Cepos O'Morrogh, he said, 'Ah! that's not the beginning of the legend of the Grey Man's Path, for it's only about two generations back that Cepos O'Morrogh flourished—never mind. He had a son who, after his father's disappearance over the cliff, vanished also, and is supposed to have gone to Mexico, where he worked in a silver mine, and was hanged for robbing it. But he too left a son, who, inheriting the family keys and secrets, came to Ireland to turn them to account, and this was the fellow who tried to throw you over the cliff the other day. He was elderly when I first knew him, a reckless dare-devil, half Spanish and half mad. And it seemed he had heard from his father about the

cave in the bowels of Garvan Head and the way down to it, and he found it all out, and told me about it, and somehow we thought it was a good place to set up a still in; and he and I contrived it between us, I admit. There were only two other lads in the secret, and they were transported years ago for another job of the same kind; but they never split on this O'Morrogh and me, and so we had Garvan Head all to ourselves. He lived down in the cave and worked the whole thing, well-nigh alone, though of course I used to meet him and supply him with grain and the rest from time to time. I put the excise officers off the scent, as, of course, I could; and in that wild and lonely district he had no difficulty in keeping up the superstition of the Grey Man's Path, and so of scaring just the few natives from the spot. Maybe, he didn't mind tumbling any of them over the cliff, if they came in his way, or getting rid of them, as he would of you but for your strength and luck. He had been bred in a country where they were not particular, and the business came handy to him, I daresay.'

"This is about all I got out of the exciseman," said the octogenarian; "but I remember he was in a rare stew lest I should peach on him. But it was no affair of mine. I was going back to England, and I've never been to Ireland since. I have my sketch to this day, and also the relics of the adventure, the dagger, keys, &c. These are all of Spanish make. It is a wild story, but not so improbable sixty years since as some people might think, and, assuredly, the most startling matter I have ever been concerned in during the course of a rather long life."

W. W. FENN.

LIFE AMONG THE EARLY QUAKERS.

By A. C. BICKLEY,

AUTHOR OF "GEORGE FOX AND THE EARLY QUAKERS."

II.

WHY THE QUAKERS WERE UNPOPULAR.

THERE are in all clubs, as every clubman knows to his sorrow, some members whom everybody likes after a negative fashion, but who yet are unpopular. When they enter the room conversation is apt to die away, and the idea of a rubber is abandoned if it can only be realized at the cost of asking the unpopular one to be the fourth player. Against these men no member has a word to say; but be they ever so courteous or obliging or clever, their appearance in the smoking-room is less welcome than that of the sharper or the scandalmonger; for with the latter they feel at their ease, and with the former, for some inexplicable reason, they do not. Why these men should be unpopular is generally a mystery, but the fact remains. Occasionally they possess mannerisms, or lay down the law, or are tangibly disagreeable in some fashion; but in any case it only needs a glance to tell that they are "unclubable men."

In a very far-fetched sense a nation resembles a huge club, in the coffers of which each puts something and agrees to submit to restrictions in order that he may enjoy the privileges of society. The primitive Quakers were the unclubable men of their age. They were not actively disliked—that is, apart from their religious principles—but were simply a community set apart because they possessed so many peculiarities that they were socially unacceptable. In this article I hope to show that this isolation was avoidable.

In the first place, the Quakers' creed was perpetually *en evidence*; they proclaimed it every time they opened their mouths, and some of their customs were distasteful to the community at large. For example, those habits of personal cleanliness on which Fox insisted so strongly were extremely offensive, for in that day the "order of the bath" and, as a matter of fact, cold water in any form, was held in much contempt by the people. To begin with, I must own that the primitive Friends took no pains to make themselves popular; for while no one particularly objected to their habits and customs in themselves,

they can scarcely be blamed if they resented the ostentatious way in which they were paraded. Possibly the Pharisee was better than his neighbours, but to be reminded of it daily at the street corners must have had an irritating effect.

It is the worst feature of a true hobby, from a social point of view, that the owner will insist on riding it at all times and seasons; and when the hobby happens to be a religious one, this is especially objectionable. Should a little community, rejoicing in a particular startling tenet, spring up, no true adherent ever lets slip an opportunity of flourishing it in the face of all comers without troubling about the suitability of the occasion. If an instance be required, take the aesthetes and the way in which certain devotees of the lily (this does not refer to Mrs. Langtry) and knee-breeches paraded London in costume wonderful as to cut, and fearsome in colour. What stranger ever went to a service of say the Seventh-day Baptists, when the enormity of keeping Sabbath on the first day of the week instead of the last was not dragged into the sermon for his benefit, or to a Mormon conventicle, and was not reminded that it was nowhere enjoined that a man should have only one wife? These instances might, of course, be multiplied indefinitely; and the most partial historian must allow that so far from being ashamed of their creed, the early Quakers were as vain of it as a barrister of his first brief, and wore it as obtrusively as a Surrey commoner does his scarf on club-day, thereby bringing on themselves much persecution and contumely, both of which they bore with patience, courage and forbearance.

When the novelists of the last century had occasion to introduce a Quaker into their fictions, they took care to mark him well by overlaying his speech with "thee and thou," and, indeed, at one time this phrase was a common slang term for the Friends. The use of these pronouns is partially a survival of the time when the lower orders employed them habitually, and is a curious instance of correctness of phrase surviving among the very persons who, next to pedants and scientists, are currently credited with being the corrupters of the language, while the educated had fallen into grammatical incorrectness. The Quaker writers affirm, however, that the use of "you" instead of the "thou" of the grammars originally rose from a desire to compliment the person addressed by ascribing to him the importance belonging to two or more, and wrote many tracts in support of their view. Be this as it may, it is indisputable that technical correctness was on their side, and sovereign and newspaper editor are alike incorrect when they use the imposing "we" in place of plebeian "I." To say "thou" (*pro formâ*) to a man was, it will be remembered, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. simply to insult him. "I thou thee, thou traitor," cried Coke to Raleigh when the latter was being tried for his life; and the counsel

doubtless had made certain that the prisoner could not retaliate or he would not have employed a word which, under ordinary circumstances, would have prevented his ever conducting another criminal trial. When, too, Sir Andrew Aguecheek was anxious to fix a quarrel on "the Count's gentleman, one Cesario," his quondam ally, Sir Toby Belch, suggested that he should "taunt him with the licence of ink," adding, "If thou thou'st him some thrice it shall not be amiss."

The origin of the use of the words among the Friends lay in a "revelation" which George Fox had very early in his ministerial career, although it is possible that what he attributes to a "divine leading" was in reality only the outcome of his own strong common sense. To say "you" to a rich man and "thou" to a poor one was undeniably showing respect to persons, and this alone was enough to condemn it to Fox; although there is no reason to doubt his having been alive to the want of truth which the use of the latter pronoun to a single person implied, which would weigh with a man who all through his life was unable to distinguish between truth in speech and honesty in action. That it was ungrammatical I cannot believe ever seriously troubled him, syntax not being his strong point. The use of the despised pronoun brought upon him unnumbered insults and blows; but neither threats nor violence could make him adopt the more popular form; he "thee'd and thou'd" Cromwell and the Merry Monarch as freely as he did the humblest of their subjects, and was wont to argue the propriety of his action with the very judges who tried him.

The use of these pronouns brought more or less trouble on nearly all the primitive Quakers. "It was," remarks Fox, "a sore cut to proud people and them that sought self-honour, who, though they would say it to God and Christ, would not endure to have it said to themselves. So that we were often beaten and abused, and sometimes in danger of our lives for using the words to proud men, who would say, 'What! you ill-bred clown, do you "thou me?"' as though there lay Christian breeding in saying *you* to one, which is contrary to their grammars and reading books by which they instructed their youth."

At length matters got to such a pitch that the Quakers thought it the wisest course to make a formal defence of the words, and accordingly a rare book, known to bibliophiles as "*A Battledoor for Teachers and Professors to learn Singular and Plural*," was compiled by two educated Friends, John Stubbs and Benjamin Furly. This very remarkable production, the full title of which my readers must pardon my not giving, on the ground that it would occupy at least a page of this magazine, was published in 1660, and endeavours to justify the use of the singular form to one person by reference to some thirty-five languages, amongst which are enumerated those spoken by "the Apharsathkites, the

Tarpelites, the Apharsites, the Archavites, the Babylonians, the Susanchites, the Deharites, the Elamites, the Temanites, the Naomites, the Shuitites," and the "Buzites," as well as those used by such better known nations as the Moabites, Hivites, Edomites, Amalekites, Philistines, Curlandians, and the like. With regard to the foregoing languages, it may be assumed that the authors were tolerably secure from adverse criticism, but that this did not trouble them may be inferred from their also illustrating their book with examples from Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Caldaic, Arabic, and almost every other well-known European and Asiatic tongue. As an appendix they added a list of "severall bad unsavoury words, gathered forth of certain School Books which have been taught Boyes in England, which is a Rod and a Whip to the Schoolmasters in England and elsewhere who teach such Books." The book got its odd name on account of each paragraph beginning with a sign something like a battledore.

As soon as it was published, copies were presented to the king and the council, to the universities, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to the Bishop of London. The archbishop seems to have declined to give an opinion on the volume, but Charles, who was accustomed to speak his mind with more freedom than prudence, declared that it conclusively proved "thee and thou" to be "the proper language for all nations." After this it became unfashionable to reproach the Friends for this peculiarity, and probably the royal verdict did more to secure them from suffering than the sterling argument and sound common sense with which the book abounds.

At the risk of being reproached with bringing "honest George" too often to the front (and for this my defence is that he was the embodiment of all that was Quaker), I must be allowed to defend him against the charge which a vituperative crew at the time brought in every possible way, that of claiming the authorship of this curious lucubration. It is true that he does occasionally refer to it as "his book"—and in this he was partially justified by the large share he had in collecting the materials and superintending its production—but from the open way in which he more than once directly ascribes it to its real author, it is evident he had no intention of claiming more honour than was his due. Nevertheless he was to blame for allowing his name to appear first on the title-page, as every one knew that his scholastic accomplishments were confined to reading and writing, the last but badly, and thus giving the enemy full scope for blasphemy.

We are told that at a very early period in the history of Christendom a furor for martyrdom set in. The followers of the Cross sought death with such persistency that the Faith bade fair to become prematurely extinguished in Italy, and the bishops had so much difficulty in checking the enthusiasm that they were obliged to declare the martyr's crown only obtainable by

those who, without avoiding it, did not court persecution. So, too, if in a less tragical manner, act the adherents of all sects so long as they remain obscure. The early Methodists embraced every opportunity of getting broken heads; and in like manner the humbler Quakers of the seventeenth century courted the stocks, the whipping-post, and the prison by unnecessary displays of their social peculiarities. Forms of courtesy which could hurt no conscience however tender, were ostentatiously laid aside, and a roughness of speech, often amounting to positive rudeness, cultivated in their place. There was reason for their refusing to say "good-bye," because it was a contraction of "God be with you," and so might possibly be construed into a breach of the third commandment, but Fox's reason for interdicting "good morrow" on the ground that it implied that some morrows were bad, and therefore that everything God made was not good, was, to say the least, so far-fetched as to be absurd, and only shows his incapacity for distinguishing between a wish and a declaration.

The early Friends, too, refused to bow or to take off their hats to any one, justifying this by the plea that it would be an acknowledgment of superiority, whereas God had made all men equal. In this there was considerable reason. As a matter of fact, the sect by no means neglected to give honour where honour was due, only they showed it by tangible actions rather than by lip-service. Thus, when Fox called on Cromwell, he scrupulously kept his hat on his head, though both by word and act he showed the Protector that he respected his office. Instead of being offended, Cromwell remarked, "Now I know that there is a people risen that I cannot buy either with gifts, honours, offices or places, but all other sects and people I can." Nor was Charles II., with all his faults, offended when Edward Burrough with scant courtesy went to him to complain of the persecution the Quakers were undergoing in New England.

It is often said, and not without truth, that the less important a person is the more ready he is to take offence at what he deems a slight to his dignity. This was as much the case in the seventeenth century as it is now. Cromwell or Charles were not offended when a Quaker refused to uncover his head in their presence, or when he rehearsed their short-comings in unmistakable language, but the host of minor officials resented it bitterly. The country clergy, Episcopalian, Baptist, Independent, or Presbyterian, frequently hounded on their flocks to beat and stone the Friend whose hat remained on his head when he passed them, and many a Quaker felt the weight of the squire's horsewhip for not paying him hat homage. Probably no other of their peculiarities brought on them so much trouble as this; some were avowedly sent to prison on its account as being contemnners of the magistracy, and numbers lay long in jail, if on various pretexts, in reality only be-

cause they refused to pay the justice the honour he believed his right.

It is saddening to reflect that most of the petty persecution the Quakers underwent arose from the malice of ministers of religion. The strongest defence, and that only a material one, which can be made for them is the fact that had Quakerism become the religion of the masses, their occupation and with it their livelihood would have been gone, for any that can be urged on the grounds of conscientious uncharitableness fails when we remember that they were living peaceably, so far as overt acts were concerned, with the numerous other sects to whose doctrines they entertained as strong objections. Fox's dogma that a paid ministry was irreligious was the point which rankled, and though this was never openly advanced as a defence, yet more than sufficient evidence given in courts of justice remains to prove it beyond a doubt.

The Quakers would neither maintain a ministry of their own nor would they contribute towards the support of that of others. "We suffer," says old George Whitehead, "because we cannot pay tithes and the clerk's wages that turns the hour-glass; because we do not go to the steeple-house . . . ; do not follow the national worship and the world's friendship; because we cannot sing nor repair the churches;" and every one who has read that quaint catalogue of misery, Besse's "*Sufferings of the Quakers*," will allow that this was no more than true.

As, of course, refusing to pay tithes or rates for church expenses were legal offences, they formed convenient pretexts for unlimited oppression. For example, a Quaker did not send in his tithe, the minister went to ask him for it, and was received without what the roughs of the place deemed proper respect. Whereupon the offender was stoned or beaten; the minister then sued for his dues, and the Quaker, refusing to pay, had his goods taken to any extent the sheriff's officer thought fit, and himself brought before the magistrate, when ten to one he was offered the oaths, and, on refusal, sent to prison for months or even years.

The flimsiest pretext was enough to bring spoil and imprisonment on them. William Dewsbury, one of what may be termed the Quaker apostles, was incarcerated for merely returning thanks after dinner at an inn, the act being construed into the punishable offence of preaching in a conventicle. Still harder was it for an unhappy maiden at Launceston, who tried to bend a bar in the castle window so that she might pass some food through to George Fox, who lay inside in danger of starvation, and was punished for prison-breaking; and, perhaps hardest of all, the plight of a girl at Bristol, who was sent to gaol for resisting a boy who attempted to take indecent liberties with her.

At Hereford the choristers were positively set on by the clergy to annoy the Friends, and the head master of the town school was forbidden to punish those of his scholars who did the same. Croese,

whom no one can accuse of being too favourable to the society, gives us a humiliating picture of life in a Leicestershire village:—"Some young men and boys watch'd to disturb their meetings" (the Quakers'); "and at other times, when with silence and constancy they met, they immediately assault them unawares, take 'em, pull the men's hats and the women's upper coats from 'em, push 'em out of the house, throw mud upon 'em, and close 'em abroad. At a certain time the labourers joyn'd with the company of boys, and falling on the Quakers crowded together, beating 'em with many blows, and dragging 'em out by their necks, roll 'em in the clay, and then thrust 'em into prison. At another time, some young men and boys (who, tho' little chitts, yet flew at 'em with manly boldness) filled one of the women's mouths so with clay and water that by their villainy they almost deprived her of her life. These youths said they began to do it at the command of a certain parish minister. This last was done in the presence of one of their ministers that looked on, and yet did not dissuade 'em from their rudeness." It must not be forgotten that the well-known Quaker doctrine of non-resistance rendered them so easy a prey that the veriest coward might safely indulge his taste for cruelty at their expense.

It was bad enough that the women should be seized, stripped and pricked with bodkins on pretence of their being witches, that they should be waylaid going to meeting, and beaten until they were senseless or even suffer more sickening treatment, but the cruelty practised on their innocent children fills the student of early Quaker history with an anger which is not unrighteous. With an adult, there was always the chance that the flesh might strive against the spirit and prevail; but a young child could not possibly offer any resistance. At Bristol, eleven young boys and four girls were sent to prison for attending meetings, and the gaoler was instructed to purchase a new cat-of-nine-tails for their benefit. One constable in that town was accustomed to traverse the streets, and when he found a Quaker child going to meeting, stop it and flog it in the sight of passers-by. One day he managed to flog fifty-five. Nor did he confine his attentions to boys alone. At one time, nearly all the adult Quakers in the town were in prison; but their children went openly to the meetings just as before, that is when the brave townsfolk did not meet them on their way and beat them till they became senseless. Many of the unhappy children arrived at the meeting-house black and blue and bleeding from the treatment they had met with on their way.

Another cause which brought much suffering on the quiet people must not be omitted—their founder insisted on the strictest honesty in all commercial matters. In the earliest days if a Friend kept a shop it was avoided as if it were a charnel-house; and an artificer who professed the same creed might reckon on being without work for an indefinite period. Many of these unhappy

people must have been starved to death had it not been that almost from its very foundation the sect had been organized into what can only be described as a huge friendly society, upon the funds of which any member could fall back in time of need, without feeling himself an object of charity. This, however, did not always suffice, as numbers of the more bigoted Puritans refused to sell them food, and the Friends had frequently to walk long distances before they could get so much as a loaf for love or money. Fox relates that in one good-sized town there was no one who would sell him a cup of milk, and no innkeeper who would let him have a bed, so that he was compelled to sleep under a hedge, from whence he was roused in the morning by blows from the amiable inhabitants. But gradually this narrowness died away, and the masses went to the other extreme—Quaker shops were crowded, Quaker workmen in demand; and this is how Fox accounts for the change: "When people came to have experience of Friends' honesty and faithfulness, and found that their yea was yea and their nay was nay, that they kept to a word in their dealings and that they would not cozen nor cheat them, but that if they sent a child to their shops for anything they were as well used as if they had come themselves, then things altered so that all the inquiry was where was a draper, or shopkeeper, or tailor, or shoemaker, or any other tradesman that was a Quaker, insomuch that Friends had more business than many of their neighbours, and if there was any trading they had a great part of it. Then the envious professors altered their note and began to cry out, 'If we let these Quakers alone, they will take the trade of the nation out of our hands.'" This extract illustrates the two proverbs, "Out of evil good cometh," and "Honesty is the best policy," while showing that self-interest was a cause of a considerable part in the persecution the Friends underwent.

Strangers, too, soon began to be willing to intrust money or valuables into the hands of the Friends, and this at the very time when persecution was at its height, for while they were loth to take any steps to protect their own goods from violence, the Quakers were well known to be especially careful that those of others should not suffer loss. Fox, who was intensely anxious on this matter, towards the close of his life wrote an "epistle of caution" to impress his views on his followers. "And now, dear friends," he wrote, "take care that all your offerings be free, and of your own that has cost you something, so that ye may not offer of that which is another man's, or that which ye are intrusted withal (and not your own), or fatherless or widows' estates, but all such things ye may settle and stablish in their places. You may remember, many years ago, in a time of great persecution, there were divers Friends who were traders, shopkeepers and others, who had the concerns of widows and fatherless and other people's estates in their hands; and when a great suffering, perse-

cution, and spoiling of goods came upon Friends, there was especial care taken that all Friends that did suffer, what they did offer up to the Lord in their sufferings might really be their own, and not any other's estates or goods which they had in their hands . . . and afterwards several letters came out of the country to the meeting at London from Friends that had goods of the shopkeepers here in London upon credit, which they had not paid for, who writ to their creditors whom they had their goods of entreating them to take their goods again. And some Friends came to London, and treated with their creditors, letting them understand how their conditions were, that they were liable to have all they had taken from them, and told them they would not have any man suffer by them, neither would they by suffering offer up anything but what was really their own or what they were able to pay for. Upon which several took their goods back again that they had sent down. And this wrought a very good savour in the hearts of many people when they saw that there was such a righteous, just, and honest principle in Friends that would not make any to suffer for their testimony, but what they did suffer for the testimony of Jesus it should be really and truly their own and not other people's." Can it be wondered that it should have been feared that the Quakers would absorb all the business of the country?

Another cause of the unpopularity of the Friends was the suspicion that they frequently made their creed an excuse for shuffling out of their due share of the national burdens. Their religious tenet which forbade them to fight saved them from military service; their objection to take an oath caused them to escape from sitting on juries or serving in any of the multifarious small offices to which others were liable; and there are numberless instances in which legal dues were not exacted from them out of respect to their conscientious scruples. If being a Quaker was fraught with terrible evils, it had sufficient advantages to lay its adherent open to charges as damaging, as difficult of disproof; and amongst these was that of using their religion as a blind. To be a Quaker, from being synonymous with being honest, became another term for being a hypocrite; and although it must be allowed that there were some hypocritical members in this sect as in all others, they were less in proportion, partly on account of the rigid oversight which the society exercised over its members and the certainty that, if discovered, the humbug would be publicly turned out neck and crop at a moment's notice.

I am afraid it must be owned that the primitive Quakers were sadly wanting in that genial sympathy which endears man to man and goes so far to make living a pleasure. They were cold and irresponsible in manner, reserving all their enthusiasm for their religion; and it is principally due to the anxious efforts which Fox made in his later life, when battling against pain

and disease, that they developed the wide spirit of philanthropy with which their name is identified. The rules of the society were repressive in tone; amusement, luxury, and culture were alike forbidden, and a rigid quietism was believed—mistakenly, perhaps—to be necessary to salvation. The early Quaker would help a needy man liberally, but the aid was too often given in such a manner as to rob the gift of its graciousness and leave a feeling of humiliation in the breast of the recipient. When all the surrounding conditions are considered, it will be allowed that the Friends were not so very much to blame; but the effect was bad, and there is, perhaps, no greener laurel in the crown of George Fox than the efforts he made to break through the hardness of his followers and infuse that higher spirit of charity which adds to its gifts warm and unstinted sympathy.

This was of the more importance as the Quakers speedily began to acquire considerable wealth. As has been said, their honesty and straightforwardness made them trusted, and, in consequence, successful traders. For many years business was literally the only occupation open to them. As a rule the primitive Quakers were not rich, and as they were continually impoverished with exactions, it was imperative on them to earn their own livings. Some remained in the country places as farmers, and the number would have been larger had it not been for the general dislike the landowners and clergy had to them. Most came into the towns and commenced business. In this their choice was limited; arms, the law, art, music, literature were alike barred to them, some by their consciences, some by the law. Medicine and trade remained; and even in some trades, honest and respectable in themselves, they declined to engage. No true Quaker could be a jeweller, because then he must vend gauds his creed taught him it was sinful to wear. If he was a bookseller he must not sell light literature or religious books if they contained what he believed to be erroneous. As a matter of fact they were almost compelled to exchange necessities. But as there were few trades in which they could have free scope, fearless of doing violence to their consciences, they usually drifted into manufacturing. Some industries in course of time came almost entirely into their hands, as for instance the cocoa trade, in which nearly all the more important firms are of Quaker origin.

It was this quality of trustworthiness which at length brought a large share of the banking interests into the hands of the Friends, for people were ready to intrust their money to the hands of traders who were notorious for providing against any possible mishap thereto, even though by so doing they themselves must be large losers. There are plenty of cases known in which the Friends have given information of the risks their clients ran sooner than have it on their consciences that they had ruined

any one; but I know of none who took villas in the country while their clients retired to the Bankruptcy court. Of recent years the Friends have ceased to be identified with banking, on account of the taste for gigantic joint-stock businesses, which have ruined the small private banks which sixty years ago flourished in every country town.

If there was one cause which contributed more than another to the unpopularity of the Friends it was their unsociability. They would join in no amusement however innocent, and if one chanced to succumb to the temptation he was disowned. Should the Quaker lass have to pass the village green where the young men and maidens were dancing or romping or flirting in the cool of the summer evening, it was with eyes cast down and hurried steps; and if the strains of a fiddle were heard, her fingers would go into her ears as if the sound were pollution. Her grey-haired sire would go further, and reprove the frolickers sternly for their levity. On the whole the young Quakers must have had a dull life, not, perhaps, all work, but uncheered by cakes and ale. Their lightest amusement seems to have been attending the yearly or some other special meeting and listening to long-winded disquisitions on church matters. This preternatural gravity as a matter of course gave the Philistines the idea that they believed themselves better than the rest of the world, and just as naturally they resented it. It is impossible to estimate the damage the Friends did in this way, but it must have been very large. When one remembers how coarse and loud and cruel the amusements of the people were in the seventeenth century, and how largely they depended on the public-house, it must be allowed, however, that the Friends were not wholly without excuse. To most people drunkenness was a mere accident; some got drunk, some did not; the one was not to be blamed or the other to be praised. Few girls thought any the worse of their lovers because the time they did not spend dangling at their elbow was passed in the village alehouse; and a husband who found his wife drunk only thought of it to pity her because her head was so weak; and the Quakers never getting drunk were considered rather as Pharisees than as affording a moral lesson or conveying a reproof.

But even among themselves the Friends were not sociable; one might visit another informally, and perchance be asked to stay for a meal, but this was all; there were no gatherings for tea, or its then substitute beer and scandal; no picnics in the woods when the September sun had ripened the filberts, no gatherings round the yule log on Christmas Eve, and, worse still, no mince pie or plum pudding on the following day. Who can avoid pitying Quaker boys and girls who recollects that they had no festivals, no days of feast and frolic? Who can help being sorry for the young girl, full of health and spirits, deprived of

music and dancing, and forbidden to read anything more lively than a doctrinal treatise, or, what comes to much the same thing, the life of some faithful and upright member, whose only notions of art were gathered from the portraits of "plain Friends," and who might not even while away long weary hours by the pretty trifling called fancy work? Yet somehow these maidens seldom left the church, and, setting at nought the blandishments of gay young sparks, usually married grave brothers, and became the mothers of other girls, whose lives were as useful and dull and void of reproach as theirs had been.

I have not room to do more than mention briefly one more of the host of reasons why the Quakers were unpopular. One was their fondness for controversy either by word or pen, and their unscrupulous bitterness. If struck on the one cheek, they would turn the other; but they did not carry the doctrine of non-resistance into their polemical discussions. Some of the early Quaker tracts show a vigour and cheerfulness in calling names which rivals a Texas paper, although to call an adversary, as one writer does, "three leaps to a louse," or "a kettle," a "brass pot," or a "wooden stool" does not assist the argument, although it shows imagination. They were a race of authors. Between 1656 and 1700, many hundreds of books and pamphlets, some of the latter running to a couple of hundred quarto pages, all dealing with controversial theology, were published. Some exhibit considerable scholarship and literary skill, but the greater part are wordy, shallow and inconclusive; and their virulence of tone did much to make the Quakers social outcasts, for even in an age in which mud-throwing seems to have been considered not only allowable but praiseworthy, several of these productions exceed the most generous licence.

SYRACUSE AS IT IS.

IT is somewhat a relief to reach Syracuse after the crowds, and beggars, and smells, and dirt of the other Sicilian towns; moreover, Syracuse is one of the very few places of which the ideal, formed perhaps in years long past, is realized. We look for quiet, and stagnation, and sunshine, and a mellow air of antiquity, and we find them. If we were to find Syracuse a busy, bustling port, or a wretched, hopelessly decayed place, we should be disappointed; we expect to find just enough animation to make it cheerful, and just enough quiet to remind us of its ancient associations, and we are gratified.

One fact, however, does amaze us, and that is to see how little is left of a city which once consisted of five different towns, of which the circumference was twenty-two miles, and which at its zenith could muster half a million of inhabitants. Indeed, all Syracuse, ancient and modern, can be conveniently explored in the interval occupied by the Rubattino steamers in discharging and taking in cargo, although the conscientious antiquary could spend a month in the country around, which is the site of the remainder of the ancient city.

Immediately upon landing we are impressed with the character of modern Syracuse. At any other Italian port we should be almost torn to pieces by natives eager to relieve us of our baggage or to drive us anywhere. But at Syracuse we have actually to call for a porter, not from any lack of men—for all along the quay, big enough for a port with five times the commerce of Syracuse, there are sturdy fellows lounging, lying, sleeping, and of course, spitting—but because it is evident that labour is a very secondary consideration in the lives of the Syracusans, who, like the Seaford boatmen, seem to get on tolerably well without any visible means of subsistence.

Modern Syracuse need not occupy us long. There is a pleasant esplanade along the water-side of the little harbour, whither resort, every afternoon, the gallantry, the beauty and fashion of Syracuse, to lounge under the trees or to drive up and down in the most primitive of vehicles, and this esplanade terminates at the famous fountain of Arethusa, for many years neglected and employed as a laundry—now, a neatly fenced-in pool in which fish glide, and ducks nestle under the shade of the genuine papyrus. In the town, which clusters on the cliffs overlooking the

bay, there is little of note. It is an extraordinary Italian town, inasmuch as it is clean and provided with a smaller modicum than usual of stench, but otherwise unremarkable. It has a cathedral built on to the remains of a temple of Minerva which was once famous for its splendid decoration and its beautiful entrance, and more especially for a roof of gold which blazed in the sunshine like a beacon to the mariner many leagues out at sea. The sturdy pillars still remain, engrafted with the walls of the modern cathedral, but nothing more. We must take a carriage to see the sights which lie inland, for the dust on the roads is inches deep; there is absolutely no shade, and the Sicilian sun beats down mercilessly from a sky of eternal blue. Happily, the ruins of ancient Syracuse, after long years of neglect and vandalism, are cared for as are all monuments of the mighty past under the intelligent and sympathetic régime of King Humbert; and a government guide, in return for a franc fee, allows us to wander where we will. Amongst these Syracusan ruins we may ruminate more satisfactorily over the hackneyed phrase which commences "*Sic transit*" than is usual in Italy, for the reason that we are uninterrupted. There are no loathsome beggars or pestering touts; in fact the absolute silence, the complete absence of human or animal life, and the extreme beauty of the scenes through which we pass, lend a charm to our exploration which we could wish to associate with antiquarian researches elsewhere.

The remains comprise a Roman amphitheatre, a Greek theatre, the Latomive or Quarries, and the Catacombs, although much further afield are the walls of the ancient city, the Temple of Diana—that is to say, two columns of the temple—the Fountain of Cyane—the traditional spot where occurred the rape of Proserpine—and the ancient Athenian fort Euryalus.

The Roman Amphitheatre, hewn out of the rock, lies in a hollow thickly overgrown, and has been so rudely treated by Time and various earthquakes that it can be hardly realized as being bigger than the famous amphitheatre of Verona. We may still trace, however, the lines of seats, the bold arches and the sturdy pillars supporting them, and judicious excavation would probably unfold a most interesting monument of Imperial grandeur, but the confusion of shattered blocks, heaps of uprooted masonry and rubble, and pushing under-growth, is so great that an unpractised observer may be pardoned for not being excited to much enthusiasm over it.

Hard by is a block of masonry, 640 feet long; this is supposed to have been the altar upon which the huge sacrifices of which we read so often in the history of the city were offered—400 bullocks being an average sacrifice. From hence a steep path winds down to what is deemed by many travellers the sight *par excellence* of ancient Syracuse—the Latomia del Paradiso, in other words the prison-house, or one of the many prison-houses, of the tyrants of

Syracuse ; these quarries are scattered about in all directions, but this particular one, from the beauty of its situation, its legends, and its marvellous acoustic properties, is the most worthy of attention.

Its entrance, from a fanciful resemblance to the ear of an ass associated with the original significance of the place, is known as the Ear of Dionysius. Here, in a huge chamber, 70 feet high and 200 feet in length, it is said that Dionysius confined his Athenian captives, and, from a small chamber above, to which the visitor of to-day may be lowered if he pleases, could overhear every word spoken in the prison below. Of course this is a fiction, but the properties of this huge cavern are so remarkable that a whispered word at one end can be clearly heard at the other ; a single musical note is swelled by echoes to the volume of an orchestra, whilst the din of a slammed door or discharged fire-arm is simply deafening. These quarries are now empty and deserted, save where at one place—a very picturesque spot, cut out from under the rock, rich with maidenhair fern, and musical with the trickle of water—a rope-walk has been established.

But, to our mind, the most interesting relic of old Syracuse is the Greek theatre. This, like the Quarries, the Catacombs, and the Amphitheatre, has been cut out of the rock, so that considering its antiquity, it is in a very much better state of preservation than buildings of a similar character which have been "put together." It was built about 500 years before Christ, and consists of forty-two rows of seats, divided by two corridors, most of which are in excellent preservation. A long pit extends from wing to wing across the semi-circular space at the foot of the seats, and this may have been a receptacle for the curtain. Beyond this confused masses of stone mark the area of the stage proper, from which steps still lead to the cliff above. The view from the theatre on a bright, sunny day is a scene not easily forgotten by the spectator, and is only surpassed in Sicily by the view obtained from the theatre at Taormina. The eye wanders over the glimmering stone-work, across a fertile tract of orchard land, to the deep blue waters of the Greater Port, one of the most magnificent natural harbours in Europe, and beyond this again to the low swampy shore of the peninsula of Plemmyrium, now known as Isola, and famous for the wine of that name. Not a sound breaks upon the ear as we sit here and sentimentalize ; despite the bright scene, we feel that we are in a land of the dead ; and find it hard to realize that all around rose a city called by Cicero "largest of Greek cities and most beautiful"—that the unbroken surface of the blue waters stretching away before us was once alive with the navy of a great nation and the argosies of every commercial state in the ancient world. The lizards dart about the sun-lit stones, birds flutter in and out of the ancient vestibules and retiring rooms, but we are alone, and are thankful for it

Ancient roads, of which the cliff-sides are burrowed by sepulchral vaults, lead us to the Catacombs. These have never been thoroughly explored, although those that are known have been thoroughly rifled of their contents, but are said by some to extend eight miles, and by others as far as Catania, fifty miles off. They are interesting inasmuch as they contain memorials of Christian days; but the visitor who has seen the Roman catacombs will probably omit them from his programme to make way for something more novel.

The Syracusans of to-day seem to be harmless, ease-loving folk, although guides and drivers are not backward to try the extortion game on the poor foreigner; and the intense curiosity with which they regard *forestieri*, i.e. foreigners, reminds one of the remote country districts of Japan.

A LADY'S HAT.

WOVEN, plaited, shaped by Fashion's
 Rigid and unbroken laws,
 A lady's hat is like her passions,
 Faith, and fancies—built on straws!

But, beautified with silk and lace,
 Nature is o'erlaid by Art,
 Just as her coquettish grace
 Conceals from men the woman's heart.

Feathers curling white and gracious,
 What sweet Virtue's emblem'd there?
 Hath not Innocence, all precious,
 Like those plumes, full need of care?

If you say that I am stupid,
 Mad, perchance, as any hatter!
 Well, I'll laugh like nymph-caught Cupid,
 And say, as he did—Bah! What matter!

W. DELISLE HAY.

ON BOARD AN OCEAN TROOPER.

By G. SWINBURN KING,

AUTHOR OF "STORIES AND ANECDOTES OF THE CIVIL SERVICE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

ALL AT SEA.

MAYCOCK has taken to nursing Mrs. Nolan's baby, which is really very natural, on account of his overflowing good nature and the fact that he has left his own first-born baby at home. It is quite amusing to see the dear boy in his brown holland jacket, walking up and down for hours in the day, doing a "kitsey, witsey, witsey," and making the little baby laugh and crow, while he chuckles in sympathetic unison and gets as hot as a fresh-boiled lobster.

The fact was, Mrs. Nolan's nurse had been ill, and apropos of her illness, which at one time looked very serious, Mrs. Rose told me a story of the scare that was caused in a ship on which cholera had broken out. A lady friend of hers, anxious to get as far as possible from infection, had retired to an-out-of-the way part of the ship, in which she thought she would be undisturbed and separated from the rest of the passengers. She sat down by a large bundle, which at first had not attracted her attention, but which later on turned out to her dismay to be the body of a patient who had died of cholera. Mrs. Rose herself, in travelling with her husband's regiment, had seen many burials at sea; five had taken place in one journey from India. Once on a voyage from Malta a poor fellow had died, and his body had been committed to the deep insufficiently weighted. The consequence was the dead man would keep bobbing up again. When he was sent down on one side of the ship, he came up on the other, to the horror of the unwilling but fascinated spectators; and he was still bobbing and courtesying on the waves as the ship steamed on her way, and left him in her wake.

October 28th. Soon after leaving Ascension the weather became much cooler, although we were now directly underneath the sun, which was some twelve degrees south of the line. Heavy dark clouds overspread the sky like a pall; and as no observations could be taken on the first and second days, the captain had to navigate the ship by dead reckoning. Several

people were more or less ill from the heat, and these welcomed the change, and showed their practical appreciation of it in their higher spirits. But Captain Perfect complained of the cold, and turned up his collar. He had been revelling in the enjoyment of eighty-five degrees of temperature, while most of us had collapsed into silence and American chairs, at various angles of rest. Now the tables were turned; the thermometer was at seventy-two degrees, and our side of the sea-saw was uppermost.

I think it was at this period we began to admit that the punkah was by no means an unmixed blessing. It had been a novelty to those among us who were unaccustomed to Eastern travel, and was looked upon as an Oriental luxury, so that when it hit us in the eye on rising from table or blew the pepper into our faces, which at an earlier stage should have fallen on our greens, we only smiled our acquiescence in the inevitable; but when in cooler days it began to give people neuralgia in the head or a cold in the nose its advantages became a subject of controversy. However, it is warmer to-day, and the punkah will swing unquestioned. Moreover, we are in the highway of shipping; the clouds are clearing, and the ocean no longer looks such an utter desolation. Three fine sailing ships in the course of the day came "rolling down the trades" towards us, close enough to communicate if they wished. One of them was pleased to run up her number, by which we learned that she was "The Lioness," of some English port. The second showed German colours, but did not give us her name, which she had probably signalled to St. Helena a few hours before; and the third made no sign. We shall report "The Lioness" at Cape Town as a ship spoken; but in these days of steam, the good old custom of "speaking" is fast dying out.

Rope quoits, sea cricket, and the game of bull are our principal daylight amusements on deck; besides which there are chess, draughts, backgammon and cards for those that like them; but I am sorry to say that loo and the unholy game of poker have come in at night since our young naval friend came on board, and the quiet rubber of former nights has gone, as love goes out of the window when poverty comes in at the door.

Duffield the paymaster was everybody's favourite, a sort of big doll of about eighteen stone. To see him shaving in the morning, in the door of his tent, was a subject worthy of an historic painter. He sat majestically in an easy chair facing his cabin door, which was always wide open. His ample form was clothed in pyjamas cut low in the neck, and acres of lather overspread his broad and genial countenance. In one hand he held out before him a tiny looking-glass, about an inch and a half square, and, with the other he reaped the stubble from his face, as small sections of its surface were successively reflected in the liliputian mirror.

Later in the day, as his portly figure came sailing down the quarter-deck, it was said he looked like one of the old three-deckers bearing down upon you; and the simile was perhaps not an inapt one.

Many of the good stories with which he was wont to entertain us in the horse-box were adapted for private circulation only, and there were others told with the gravest face which were very wonderful if true.

There was a parson on board once upon a time, a good honest fellow, to whom Duffield and others used to tell the most "awful benders." The parson, believing all things, listened for a long time in mute astonishment at the amazing things that sailors had seen and experienced; but at last nautical audacity drew too largely on his credulity, and so shocked him, that whenever any one began to say, "Did you ever hear—" he ran away, saying, "Oh—er—good morning."

Duffield told a story the other night that on board a P. and O. steamer returning from India, a chief steward of ambitious mind was supposed to have cherished a passion for one of the lady passengers; and with a boldness begotten of true love, he first dressed himself in plain clothes to look like a gentleman, and then, under cover of the evening shades, mingled with the upper ten on the quarter-deck, with some vague and vain hope that he might thus find an opportunity to advance his suit. He was not detected by any of the numerous passengers, but the under-stewards twigg'd him, and resented as an insult to themselves this endeavour to assert a social superiority. They therefore secretly arranged to hold a court-martial upon him; he was formally arrested, and solemnly brought before a tribunal of stewards; evidence was adduced clearly proving his guilt; and as the prisoner had nothing to say, he was sentenced to receive two dozen strokes with a bar of his own yellow soap on a part of the body to be made bare for the purpose.

The sentence was duly carried out, and the chief steward looked exceedingly sheepish the following morning; but although he knew in his heart that the captain and officers were aware of all that had occurred, he was too guilty or too bashful to make any complaint in regard to the indignity he had suffered.

On Friday morning, the 29th, Mr. Dartmouth, our fourth officer, knocked at my cabin door before I had finished a final doze after taking my early cup of coffee. St. Helena, he said, was in sight and close at hand. I was out of bed and up on deck in a very few minutes, where I found others already gazing with deep interest on this historic island. We had an excellent view of James Town and Jacob's Ladder, with the fort above, a high inaccessible battery on the rocks called after Sir Richard Munden, who took the island from the Dutch in 1672, and under which all ships must needs pass in coming to anchor before the town.

The island has a less rugged aspect than Ascension, the higher lands being covered with verdure and dotted here and there with habitations and farm buildings; but the rocky and steep coast presents a striking contrast to the green hills and smiling valleys above and beyond.

The white houses of the town were plainly seen nestling in a valley running down to the beach between the precipitous sides of cliffs said to be 1,000 to 1,800 feet high.

It was disappointing to be so near a spot of such interest, where the great Napoleon was imprisoned and died, and not to be able to land. His untenanted grave lies only about four miles from James Town, and is still preserved in a valley where wild flowers bloom the whole year through.

The signal-man on shore seemed to be very much interested in us, and equally disappointed that such a fine steamer, with troops on board, should show no sign of running in. The arrival of a big troop-ship had perhaps already carried a flutter of excitement into the breast of James Town, and would have been welcome, not only as an interesting event, but also as a source of profit to many of the inhabitants. So, first, the man on shore ran up the signal, "What ship is that?" And when we politely satisfied his curiosity, but still stood on our course, he tried to tempt us to remain by signalling again, to say that the mail steamer from England would be in St. Helena early next morning. It was all to no purpose. Inexorable fate and orders from home urged us onward; and the siren song of news from home could not beguile the captain from his duty.

The equable and temperate climate of St. Helena would make it a charming place for residence, although the island may have a lonely aspect in the midst of the vast Atlantic. The same phenomenon of rollers occurs here as at Ascension; and the same trade wind always blows from the south-east. Windmills consequently are fixed to face in one direction instead of being arranged to revolve to meet the changing wind as in Europe or elsewhere. Little steam power should be needed in a country so situated, and electric light should be produced at a minimum of cost. The enormous power of a steady trade wind, if it has been fully appreciated, does not seem to me to have been anywhere utilized for manufacture to the extent it might be with great advantage.

On the night of the 30th the wind began to freshen before we turned in, and at midnight I was suddenly awakened to see a dark human form stealing into my cabin with a bull's-eye lantern. It would have been alarming in the dead of the night in one's quiet bed-room at home, but I had seen this apparition before, and was able to divine its object.

"Hullo," said I, "going to close the ports?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sea getting up?"

"Yes, sir, it's risin' a little."

No sailor seems to like to admit that there ever is a sea on or a gale blowing; but this I aver, that shaving was a feat of legerdemain next morning, conducted during the intervals of an acrobatic performance. Our biggest dragoon and three of the ladies were missed at breakfast, and the fiddles were once more in requisition to keep things on the table.

As a landsman is apt to magnify the force of the wind at sea or the roughness of the weather, I asked Captain Perfect to inform me officially how it should be described on this occasion. Then did the captain smile that sardonic smile of his, herein-before mentioned, and declined to tell me officially; but, he said, he would inform me privately that he should call it a strong wind with a high head sea.

The high head sea, with its noble crested waves and deep valleys between, pitched the old ship about merrily, and the little petrels flew on the mad wind and skimmed the great waves as if they thoroughly enjoyed it. Two ports had been left open high up in the stern to let air into the saloon; and presently a big sea flopped on to the deck above with a hiss and a rush, and poured at the same moment into the stern-ports, flooding the saloon with half-a-ton of water.

In the fore part of the ship matters were still more unpleasant; the forecastle was washed by the waves, and the sentries in that neighbourhood had to be removed from their posts to save them from getting a further drenching.

In the afternoon the Lascars came aft to make the seats fast and tie up all moveable things on the deck. In a lurch at this moment poor little Fruit Salt was incidentally sent flying, doubled up in a collapsible chair, from the interior of which he was extricated unhurt but howling. Soon after, Dr. Quiller, who was deep in a book as usual, unexpectedly turned a summersault to starboard, followed by the easy chair in which he was reposing, and accompanied by the novel erst held in his hand, amid the very naughty derision of the children, whose turn, however, had to come.

The chief engineer now admitted that it was blowing half a gale, and I knew that under his quiet, self-possessed manner he was very anxious about the steam machinery. The heavy screw, lifted from the water every few minutes, went racing in the empty air at rapid intervals, and the engines had to be checked each time to prevent the danger of snapping the shaft or fracturing the propeller.

Quiller had well-nigh forgotten his unbecoming performance with the chair and the novel, and was discussing with me and Mrs. Liston the retarding effect of a head wind, for we were now making only seven knots an hour, when a deep lurch to port followed by a corresponding roll to starboard deprived us at once

and with electric rapidity of Quiller's pleasant society. It was a transformation scene. There lay the surgeon-major full length in the lee scuppers; there also, a few yards astern of him, lay a confused heap of people—chairs, nurses, ladies, men and children, with Eno in the middle and his Irish nurse on top, raising their familiar voices, as usual, above the storm and above the irrepressible laughter of those who had fallen and those who held on.

Nearly all through this period, while a high sea was running and a strong wind blowing, the sky was beautifully clear, except for an occasional squall, and the sun was shining warm and bright—a sort of phenomenon I cannot remember in British latitudes.

On the dinner-table that night everything walked about as if endued with life, so far at least as the fiddles permitted, and an unlucky roll at soup time spread disaster all round.

The quarter-deck in the evening being impracticable, was deserted, and most of us turned in early; but nature's sweet restorer was denied to all those who had not wedged themselves into their berths by a skilful packing of pillows and rolls of rugs on either side.

Sunday morning, the 1st of November, found our floating home as unstable as ever. The troops were excused their daily parade, and all thought of church service was given up.

Taking the usual observation at noon, it was found that we had done only 135 miles instead of an average of about 260. The ship was therefore put out of her course some fifteen points to the eastward, so that we might use the sails and relieve the engines; the captain calculating that, by a slight deviation from his course, he might get out of the track of the storm. He was quite right, as events proved, and we found out afterwards that we had been very lucky in escaping when we did. Before night we had gained comparatively smooth water, and our jaded and weary bones found rest. To be rocked in the cradle of the deep is very poetic, but a little goes a long way.

Tuesday, the 3rd of November, was the first really warm day since leaving Ascension. It was a remarkable fact, that although the sun was south of the line by some 12 degrees, the hot weather we experienced was nearly all on the north side, so hot that the uncovered feet of those soldiers who had not taken proper care to keep in the shade were blistered by the sun, and to such an extent that medical treatment became necessary. After leaving Ascension, and until we had reached 27 degrees of south latitude, the weather was at times almost wintry, and in the evening an overcoat became desirable. Indeed, on one night after dinner the more chilly mortals among us came up the saloon companion wrapped in thick ulsters, and were greeted at the top by a laughing chorus of "Any more for the North?"

To-day, nearly one month out from England, the albatross, that I had long been looking for in vain, came unexpectedly in view,

sitting in the water like a very large duck with yellowish head and bill and brown wings. He was close to the ship, and essayed to fly, but there was no wind to help him to raise his heavy body. His broad wings flapped energetically, and his feet paddled swiftly over the waves; but he gave up the effort as soon as he felt himself out of danger, and floated away in the emerald green wake of the vessel. A pretty Cape pigeon flew by soon after, reminding us that we were nearing our next port, Cape Town, which was now 550 miles away, a little more than two days' run if we were lucky.

The three ladies, who, with their children, are passengers to the Cape, have already begun to pack up, anticipating with evident pleasure the termination of their voyage, and marvelling greatly that any one could take a voyage for the mere enjoyment of it.

By afternoon the albatross was becoming a drug in the market. Two pairs were following the ship at eleven miles an hour with an easy grace of movement; all the while curving and sweeping through the air, now nearly out of sight, and now quartering the ground, so to speak, almost under the stern, without an effort and almost without a motion of the wing. Some of us were intently watching these beautiful creatures, when, looking down at the bright green path the ship was leaving behind her, we were surprised to observe that she was describing a circle, and heading at the moment due north instead of south. They were steering from the bridge, and our first thought was that the hydraulic gear had broken down. We soon discovered, however, that the captain was adjusting compasses; and in order to correct them by the sun, it was necessary that the old "Chokrah" should waltz round on her course two or three turns.

At noon on Thursday the 5th Table Mountain came distinctly in view, towering a pale grey mass above the horizon. The flocks of sea-birds on the wing or floating on the water had indicated for some time that we were approaching land, which was now about forty miles off.

There had been some heavy rolling in the night, or rather about three in the morning, which disturbed the slumbers of many of the passengers, but the sea appeared as comparatively smooth at breakfast-time as it was the day before; so on comparing notes we were led to conclude that Mr. Duffield must have got up early and disturbed the equilibrium of the ship by walking on the hurricane deck.

CHAPTER V.

WE CALL IN CAPE COLONY.

AT five o'clock we anchored in Table Bay, and the white houses of Cape Town lay before us at the foot of lofty mountains.

The exact distance the ship had done from London was kindly given me by the chief engineer as 6,963 miles; and the number of revolutions the screw had made in propelling her was 1,929,280.

Boats soon began to appear from the shore; and before the ship had quite stopped, the first one, bringing the military staff officer and his sergeant-major, caught her nose under the gangway-ladder, and was as nearly as possible capsized. The sergeant-major, who was stepping out at the moment, was flung over into the green water and left hanging by his hands to the gangway rope, while his feet rested on the bow of the boat. Only his head and toes were above water, and a ghastly pallor came over his face, although there was no real danger so long as he held on to the rope. Perhaps he thought of a shark, poor man; but plenty of helping hands were ready, and all the harm he got was a thorough ducking.

I was looking down with others from the top of the gangway ladder, and there was a little crowd congregated at the side of the ship, witnessing the scene of excitement below. Maycock, behind the crowd, was hampered as usual with the baby, and not being able to see that the man in the water had hold of a rope, insisted on some one throwing a life-buoy, which nobody did; and in his eagerness to save life, they said he nearly threw the baby; but I don't believe it. - *the boy?*

A great storm had occurred at the Cape a few days before our arrival, in which much damage was done to shipping. The "Coptic," a fine steamer bound for Australia, had put into Cape Town with two flanges of her screw broken; and a sailing vessel lay in sight of us where she had been cast ashore in the bay. It was probably from the very heart of this storm that we had escaped when the captain altered his course four days before.

It may be surmised that we had not remained at anchor many minutes before we had a number of guests on board anxious to welcome their relations and friends. Husbands met wives from whom they had been parted for a whole year; and the soldiers' wives were so completely altered and smartened up that no one would have recognized them as the bedraggled and forlorn creatures of a few days back.

The view of Cape Town from the water as we lay out in the bay that night was like a city in fairyland. The extensive docks are lighted by electricity; and the lights all round the bay, set in the shadow of the vast and sombre mountains, make a picture both solemn and beautiful; but the effect was heightened and made more lively to-night by a celebration of the 5th of November. Red, blue, and green lights blazed and faded and blazed again everywhere, while bonfires and pyrotechny of some sort were universal. On the other side of the ship all was dark and silent, save for the uncertain shimmer on the waves, the ripple against the side, and the splash of a fish now and then rising from

the water. Here the quarter-master had quietly dropped a net from the gangway, baited for cray-fish, which abound in the harbour. I don't know what sport the fisherman had, but I do know that some of those on board who ventured to eat cray-fish had to pay a visit to the doctor afterwards.

Early next morning the ship was brought alongside one of the jetties, and the unpleasant function of coaling was soon in full progress.

Coaling, however, was a light trouble compared to the loss of some of our pleasant party who were leaving us at this port. Colonel Liston and all the ladies but one were going; and the children were regretted in this instance as much as their mothers, they were such general favourites. In fact, two of the officers were hopelessly in love with Hilda; and I found that Quiller, the sly fox, had secretly negotiated for her portrait.

November at the Cape is a spring month, and corresponds to May in England, but the temperature at this time was equal to that of the hottest days of an English August. So, as the principal streets of the town were a good mile and a half from our berth in the docks, there was plenty of work for all the cabs that drove down to the jetty. These were chiefly very good hansoms, with white tops and black drivers.

Cape Town has some fine buildings and good broad streets, but the latter are badly paved, and the town is said to be fearfully dusty in summer and very muddy in winter; so that those who can afford to do so live out in the suburbs or in the pretty villages on the railway to Wynberg. The shops are good and plentiful, but except here and there a display of ostrich feathers or the skins and horns of wild animals, there are few native productions besides wine; and although South African port and Cape sherry have got themselves a bad name, there is no reason why they should retain it if proper care were taken in the manufacture.

The long avenues of oak and other trees planted by the Dutch in bygone days are a feature of Cape Town of which it may fairly be proud; but the country immediately around is very destitute of trees.

There is a considerable population of Malays in the town as well as a certain number of Kaffirs and half-castes. The Malays are the descendants of those brought over by the Dutch, and many of them are now small tradesmen or otherwise well to do in the world. The bright colours and voluminous skirts worn by their wives and daughters add very much to the picturesque appearance of the streets.

The horses wear their tails long, as nature made them, to keep off the flies; and the dogs are allowed to roam about or lie in the burning sun as it may please them, for it is a curious fact that hydrophobia is unknown in the colony. The canine species

commonly seen about have little pretence to breeding, but there are plenty of good dogs in the town and neighbourhood. At Natal, however, I am told, dogs suffer greatly from mange and are worried by tics, so that it is better not to take them there.

There is a Salvation Army, of course, with a barrack and all complete; for the Army, it seems, is able to send its officers to all parts of the world, giving them first-class passages. Our second officer, Mr. Tenby, told me that once, when he was in a P. and O. steamer going to Perth, Australia, an inquiry was made regarding Major Brownjohn's baggage. Tenby looked carefully through the list of passengers, and said there was no such person on board. But it was insisted that there was.

"No," said Tenby, "there's a Miss Brownjohn."

"Well, that's the major;" and so it was.

There were two ladies of this rank in the ship, with a gentleman under their command who, having been fortunate enough to obtain his company, rejoiced in the title of "Captain" Somebody.

One of our quarter-masters in the "Chokrah" was a salvationist, and a very decent fellow to boot, worthy of all respect; but one night, after a musical evening on the quarter-deck, in which Dr. Quiller had been perhaps the most distinguished vocalist, he openly stated his opinion that we had been singing songs to the devil. This was a little rough on all the performers; but the doctor felt it acutely, as having himself been the most conspicuous devotee, on account of his fine voice and the exquisite pathos he threw into every bar of his music. The truth was, the doctor's song was full of touching sentiment, and he was thinking, I suspect, of an object of worship that to him was an angel of angels;—and then to be told he was singing songs to the devil!

The soldiers, for reasons of prudence, not entirely unconnected with "Cape smoke," which is a highly deleterious kind of brandy distilled in the colony, were not allowed to go beyond the confines of the jetty; and rows and rows of them, in their scarlet jackets, occupied the edge of the dock and the outer side of the ship, angling for snook and other unfamiliar-looking fish, which they caught in great numbers.

A more or less vigilant guard kept watch and ward to prevent them from breaking bounds; but five of them nevertheless got away for a spree, and were brought back as prisoners, looking very foolish. After being shut up for a month on board ship, it is not surprising that young fellows should find life monotonous, and be willing to risk the penalty for the sake of a run on shore. "I know I should," said our honest paymaster, "if I were only five-and-twenty."

On Sunday the 8th, at half-past five in the morning, we left Cape Town for Simon's Bay, a six hours' journey round the chain of mountains that run out like a great arm into the sea, and form the Cape of Good Hope.

The fine bold coast was grand in the morning light, with wild clouds massing and breaking on the mountain tops. The sea soon began to pitch us about pretty freely, and the new men among our passengers were looking very pale, now one and now another making a strategic movement to the cabins below. Breakfast became a moveable feast, at which you had to dodge your coffee to keep it out of your lap.

At 10 a.m. we doubled Cape Point, with its lonely light on the last peak of the rugged chain. As we steamed round into False Bay, breakers were dashing in columns of spray and white foam against the outlying reefs, and making a fine display, on which we gazed with a grave interest, though, of course, there was little to fear at any time from these conspicuous dangers, compared with the more treacherous and hidden rocks which lie about.

False Bay is of enormous extent and nearly circular, inclosed generally by a mountainous coast forming smaller bays within it, of which Simon's Bay is one.

Here lay the "Raleigh," the flagship of the admiral at the Cape; here also the old wooden "Flora," to which Ascension Island is a "tender;" and here we were finally to part with our young naval lieutenant and what Harkness amusingly called "his mixed command of five turtle, two bo's'ans and a squad of boys." One of the five turtle, by the way, we left lying on his back on Cape Town jetty, but the other four came on; and the "Claimant" fell to the lot of the admiral, who had him cleverly anchored by a hole in his shell, so that he could walk on the sand or enjoy a bath in the sea at pleasure. Besides the "Raleigh" and "Flora," there were three gunboats in the bay, which had been sent out when war with Russia seemed imminent; but they are now out of commission.

Simon's Town, in which the dockyard and other Government establishments are situated, nestles at the foot of the mountains; and the white houses have a charming appearance from the anchorage, where we took up our position at 11.15 a.m.

As we lay there on Sunday morning an exciting chase took place by two boats' crews after a whale. Now and again the black monster came to the surface to blow, and each time the boats got nearer and nearer, till at last there was a shout from our ship and the boats around us, a harpoon had been thrown, and all was anticipation for a moment. The weapon, however, had missed its mark, and with a big splash the fish made off at railway speed, followed till far out of sight by the whalers.

Both Simon's Bay and False Bay are full of fish. The haik or stockfish is the finest, and while we lay at anchor the "Flora's" men caught one weighing thirty pounds. The snook is not a bad fish, and bites very freely. Eight men will go out in a boat for half an hour. Each baits a hook with a piece of leather or something white, and as fast as he can cast his line a fish is hooked and thrown into the boat. In half an hour the snook are all

gone, not a fish seems to be left, and the boat returns to shore. There is a mackerel, which is not greatly esteemed, and a toad fish, which is deadly poison; numbers of the latter are hooked and thrown away, for it is a voracious creature, but such a repulsive spotted thing that few would need to be cautioned against eating it.

In the afternoon a curious sight was presented at no great distance from the ship. Two or more immense black fish were seen rising one after the other right out of the water, and plunging with all their force perpendicularly down at some object beneath. They turned out to be thrashers or humpbacks attacking a whale, and their action was so energetic and persistent that one or other of their great tails seemed to be constantly in the air, while with their heads they were endeavouring to bump the breath out of the body of the unlucky whale. It appeared to be so wanton on the part of the thrashers to knock the life out of an unoffending monster for mere recreation, that Manton said in his humorous way, "He couldn't see what was the use of it. If they wanted an afternoon why didn't they go for the lighthouse?" It is to be hoped the whale got away into deep water; but as far as we could trace his course the enemy was still delivering stroke after stroke with unabated vigour.

On shore we found a kindly welcome at the club, which is well appointed for such a small place, and charmingly situated, with a broad, shady balcony in front overlooking the bay. Strange and lovely flowers grow wild on the mountain sides, and pretty shells are to be gathered on the beach, where the transparent green water runs up through great bluff boulders of sparkling granite.

The coast of Africa generally is very poor in good harbours, and Simon's Bay is one of the best. An indentation, as already described, in the inland sea of False Bay, it is sheltered on all sides except the south-east; but it unfortunately happens that all the heavy gales come from that quarter. To a non-professional eye it appears as if a breakwater could be constructed on this side without much difficulty, inasmuch as nature has left a curious piece of rock to mark the line and form the head of such a work. The railway from Cape Town should also be completed, if only for military purposes. As it is, it stops short at Kalk Bay, six miles from Simon's Town, and passengers are conveyed thence over the sand in a kind of omnibus cart, which occupies two hours in transit.

It came on to blow a little on Sunday night, and the phosphoric light on the crest of every broken wave produced a very startling and beautiful illumination on the water; the splash of every oar sparkled with glittering gems, and a boat scudding swiftly before the wind ploughed up a pathway of light by which you could trace its course far into the darkness.

We heard on Monday morning that two of the men who

went off in the coal barge at St. Vincent, and were reserved for trial at the Cape, were sentenced, one to eighty-four and the other to one hundred and twelve days' imprisonment, the latter having been insubordinate. So their little game was hardly worth the candle.

A court of inquiry was commenced on board this ship to-day concerning a disturbance between the troops and Lascars, in which more than one of the latter got knocked about.

It seems that some of the more enterprising Lascars, with an eye to commerce, had laid in a little store of sweet biscuits, tins of milk and other delicacies, with which to tempt the troops so long as they had any money to buy them with. When the soldiers' money was exhausted, the Lascars would not always be above a little illegal transaction in barter, say for a sea-cap or other item of the military kit that Tommy Atkins might be induced to part with. But beyond all this, articles were sometimes obtained on credit, and there was the rub. The Lascar, seeing the end of the voyage approaching, began to dun for his money, and, becoming importunate, was knocked down. More Lascars came forward and more soldiers, till there was a pretty considerable scrimmage, in which the coloured gentlemen went to the wall; and one in particular was seriously damaged. Much joking was made afterwards about picking up the pieces of this man, who was at first reported to have been killed; and it was believed that the Lascars were purposely making the worst of the case against the soldiers.

We weighed anchor in Simon's Bay at 2 p.m. on Monday the 9th, and sailed for Natal—a three days' voyage.

Our company was very much broken up; familiar faces were missed and new ones had taken their places. A great acquisition, however, was achieved in the addition of three naval officers of the good old type of open-hearted sailors, the late commanders, in fact, of the three gunboats already mentioned. Colonel Montifex also was not less an acquisition. He had been in command (I believe) of Sir Charles Warren's line of communication in the expedition to Bechuanaland, and was a fountain of interesting information and anecdote.

The coast we were now skirting at a respectful distance has an ill-omened record of shipwreck and disaster. Cape Handklip and False Bay were left well behind us; Danger Point, where the "Teuton" and the "Birkenhead" were lost, frowned beneath a canopy of dark cloud; and before we turned in for the night the light on Cape Agulhas, the most southern point of Africa, was in full sight.

All Tuesday the mountainous and rocky outline of the coast continued visible, but only dimly; for the ocean currents in this locality are treacherous and strong, and the captain, with his usual care, wisely gave the land a wide berth.

After dark, by way of experiment and to see that the apparatus was in working order, we dropped over the stern a tin canister containing the phosphoric signal light which is attached to the life-buoy, when let go at night, in case of a man falling overboard. A hole is first pierced in the canister, and the moment the composition within is touched by the water it takes fire, and exhibits a brilliant light, which burns for forty minutes, indicating the position of the buoy; and being visible for miles around, it enables a search party to go straight to the spot and rescue their man.

On the morning of the 11th of November, we came on deck to see, not far off, a low, sandy hillocky shore stretching away as far as one could discern, inhospitable and uninviting; while immediately around us a thick, wet blanket of Scotch mist dripping from awning and curtains was anything but inspiring.

Colonel Montifex is smoking his pre-breakfast pipe as contentedly as usual, but the surroundings evidently affect him. "South Africa's a fraud," he says, pointing to the land; "it's all this kind of thing—sand and scrub, with a tuft of grass once in ten yards. The sheep bite the roots out of the sand to get a living, and it takes 6,000 acres to keep a family;" which is quite true under the lazy method of sheep-farming adopted by the Boers. We have just passed Port Alfred; but further up, the colonel says, we shall "see something greener—a place happily not yet colonized, but inhabited by the natives. By-and-by," he continued, "colonists will come. They will make roads with sardine-tins and mend them with broken bottles; spoil any natural beauty that exists, and make beasts of the natives by introducing drink."

There is no doubt much truth in the observations of the colonel, who spoke from his own personal knowledge; but a margin of allowance may be made for the influence, before breakfast, of a depressing environment.

After lunch we passed East London, which, with several fine churches visible, appears to be a large and flourishing town.

The whole east coast of Africa appears to be what may be called surf-bound; and for many miles, landing in a boat would be quite impossible.

At the time when Prince Bismarek was engaged in annexing so much foreign territory, three English sailors, it may be remembered, were drowned in landing at St. Lucia to plant the British flag there. They had waited for a favourable day, and taken the usual precaution of laying out an anchor to hang on by; but the current flowing along the coast wheeled them broadside to the shore, and the boat was at once capsized in the surf. Those who landed and planted the flag were unable to return, and the ship being equally unable to rescue them, they had to walk fifty miles before they could be taken off.

The Agulhas current, which runs from equatorial regions southward along the East African coast, was now against us, travelling, at the distance we were from the shore, at the rate of about one knot an hour; but some fifty miles out it is said to run one hundred miles a day.

The heat on the east coast so far is muggy and damp, consequently more fatiguing and enervating than the drier heat in similar latitudes in the South Atlantic; but the rats don't seem to mind it. They held a *soirée*, or rather a morning entertainment, on my bed before sunrise, quite regardless of my recumbent form, which they were utilizing as a playground when I awoke and disturbed them. There are not many about the saloon in which our cabins are situated, but now and then they are seen singly or in pairs. Stories are told of boots eaten and bags gnawed, but on our voyage, so far, no one has apparently suffered from their depredations, and their gambols are quite harmless.

CHAPTER VI.

UPS AND DOWNS AT NATAL.—THE DOGS' TRIAL.—FETCHING SAND, &C.

ON the 12th November we were steaming along the shores of Natal and enjoying to the full the fine panorama of coast scenery extending many miles along our course. Nearly all the military officers and men now on board were destined for this colony, and were therefore looking with great interest at the promising aspect of their new home. No sandy flats or scrubby bush were presented to their gaze, but picturesque hills covered with rich pasture, the hollows and hill sides clothed with trees. Now and then, through the glass, an industrious colonist could be seen at his work, and here and there a snug farm-house peeped through the trees.

This green belt of shore, on which such produce as sugar cane, coffee, and tobacco can be cultivated, extends some ten or twelve miles inland. Then occurs, as it were, a step upwards to a higher region, where the land is well wooded, fertile, and suitable for all ordinary farming; after this, as you travel westward, you come to higher land again, which is comparatively sterile.

As the bluff of Port Natal came faintly in view, a whale was seen going ahead of us spouting, and throwing his tail in the air in the full enjoyment of a life free from all care, since none of his enemies were near to persecute him; and we were accompanied by shoals of porpoises, as far as the eye could reach, whose only present object appeared to be to race the ship. It does not matter how fast a steamer may travel through the water, the porpoises, as they are commonly called, though they are properly dolphins, always go faster, and apparently with perfect ease. "Yes," said Captain Holland on a later occasion, "go at any rate you will,

they'll always beat you. I've seen them from a torpedo boat, doing twenty-one miles an hour; and they'll go right ahead, and turn round and smile at you."

At 3.30 p.m. we anchored off Port Natal. The harbour lay in front of us with a long double line of breakers across the entrance, showing where the "bar" closed the gates against any ship so large as ours, though the masts of many smaller vessels could be seen inside.

High up on the left hand were the light-house and the signal-station, at the top of a green bluff that juts out into the sea, and forms the last breastwork of a fine range of hills that protect two sides of the harbour. On the right, the town of Durban was hidden behind gently rising ground, but the handsome tower of the town-hall sufficiently indicated its locality.

Signals were exchanged with the shore, and presently we perceived a steamer coming out with the health officer, to see that there was no sickness of a dangerous character on board before giving us his gracious permission to land. As the steamer crossed the bar and got into the open sea, she was tossed like a cork on the heaving waters, but she came bravely along till near enough to send a boat off to board us on the lee side.

Dr. Mordan reported "all well on board;" and after the needful examination of papers, we were all free to go ashore.

Several men took the opportunity of going in the health officer's steamer; but to do this they had first to embark in the small boat which was rocking on the waves below at such uncertain elevations and angles as to make the undertaking alarming to nervous people. One by one, however, they were all got in, except Cray and his dog. Cray was our big dragoon before referred to, and being a heavy man he hesitated to leap at the critical moment when the boat rose on the waves. However, they got his dog in and a fox-terrier belonging to another man. "Now, sir," they cried, as the boat came up again, "now!" but still the dragoon hesitated, and waited for another rise. "Now, sir!" and this time off he went, tumbling headlong into the boat, and bringing down with him three more men, who all lay in a heap on the thwarts, with the dogs crying pen-an'-ink underneath—oars, arms, legs, and boat-hooks up in the air. For a moment the situation was critical, but no one was hurt, and the whole cargo got safely on board the steamer and to shore.

Early on the morning of the 13th, all hands were busy getting up the troop baggage.

Two large sea-barges had been towed out of the harbour and were now making fast alongside, with a long cable from each end to allow for the play of the ocean swell. They were manned by Kaffirs of Delagoa Bay, with very scanty bits of clothing to adorn their swarthy limbs; and as each barge rose and fell, the black men came up above our bulwarks like so many Jacks-in-the-Box,

and went down again sixteen or twenty feet below the line of vision. They were a merry set of fellows, laughing, chatting and singing eternally. When their clumsy craft were at last made secure, with much shouting and gesticulation, eight of the niggers squatted round a pail and ate bread and meat given them by the steward; dipping their bread into a mixture in the pail, painfully resembling plate washings. But whatever it was they seemed to relish it, and when the bread and meat were finished, they passed round the pail and drank out of it till each had imbibed his share and the flowing bowl was dry.

After the baggage had been duly landed, the troops followed with the women and children, seated in the deep holds of the same barges. Fortunately for their comfort, on the short but rough passage the swell on the bar was moderate, so they were not battered down as they would have been otherwise. Even with a strong wind off the shore and a rough sea outside, there is often "no bar;" but on the other hand, when the sea is comparatively calm outside, with a breeze blowing in-shore, there will be a succession of such heavy waves curling and breaking on the bar as to make it almost impassable.

When the weather is very rough, as it was during part of the time we lay off Port Natal, it is impossible for any one but a sailor accustomed to the feat to jump or step from the barge to the ship, or *vice versâ*. In such case you are put into a basket and hoisted by means of shears and a steam windlass, which rattle you up, and swing you in mid air as if you were a horse or an elephant; and then down you come with another rattle to the deck of the other vessel.

Going ashore in the tug a few of us had a sufficiently lively time, and on returning we shipped one or two seas; but it was very interesting to watch the skill of the steersman as he navigated his panting craft between the breakers. Here, where the waves are wildest, the water seems alive with porpoises, and no end of them were tumbling and rollicking on the bar each time we crossed.

The bar itself is composed of sand and silt swept down by the river, which is met by sand washed up by the ocean, and so piled into a permanent ridge. A good breakwater, well built of stone and concrete, is being still extended into the sea with the object of removing this serious obstruction to the commerce of the port.

The town of Durban consists chiefly of one fine broad street or boulevard, with very good shops, and a tramway running up from the docks to the extreme end of it.

Indian women and men, in their graceful native costume, mingle with Zulus, Kaffirs and Europeans, and impart variety to the scene. The Indians are imported to work the sugar industry, Zulus being too idle for the purpose.

I was favoured with an opportunity of testing the sugar produced in Natal, and found it very superior in quality. It is consumed almost entirely in the colonies, and sold at 2d. per lb. for good quality, and 2½d. for the refined article.

All kinds of machinery for sugar-making are manufactured in Durban, where they have the largest iron foundry in South Africa. The pig-iron is brought from home.

Durban itself is very hot, and the principal residents live in a suburb about two miles away called the Berea, a wooded hill-side extending for miles, dotted with houses and villas high above the town, and looking exceedingly attractive from the sea.

Everybody seems to keep at least one horse and trap, and so there are no cabs or other public conveyances besides the tram. If you want a carriage you must order it from an hotel-keeper.

At breakfast on the 14th came the news that the ship was to return by the Cape instead of pursuing her route by the Suez Canal as originally contemplated. This was a disappointment to some of us, who had hoped to circumnavigate the continent of Africa.

The ship was now nearly empty of troops; the "drafts" from various regiments brought out from England under Major Wilmington's command had all been landed; and before embarking "details" for the return voyage, under the command of Colonel Montifex, it was imperative that the troop quarters should be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected: the necessity for which will be well understood by any one who has been shut up in a steamer in stormy weather, when ports are closed, with a thousand of our heroic defenders, and when what Montifex calls the *bouquet de mille pieds* becomes a trifle overpowering, or the *esprit de corps*, as Quiller would put it, assumes palpability.

A shark about five feet long seemed to think there might be a meal for him, and kept stealing round the ship with his black fin above the water and his brownish sides clearly discernible, as if he smelt the blood of an Englishman; though perhaps it was only a few perquisites from the kitchen that attracted him.

Heavy rain fell on Sunday morning the 15th, and the weather was close and hot; and now we only waited for the fresh troops to come on board in order to steam away.

Before 2 o'clock the welcome tug was seen labouring up and down over the bar and over the swell; and the white-topped waves went high above her bows and washed the decks. The barge she had in tow contained the troops and women, with some officers and ladies; and as the wind had freshened we could guess how bad some of them must feel.

Not without difficulty the barge was in due time made fast to the ship; and while she bobbed and rose on the swell her living freight were got out of her, one by one, by four of the naval brigade we had brought from the Cape, who seemed heartily to

enjoy the fun of chucking up a helpless Tommy Atkins or deftly hoisting his wife and baby.

The rain poured down most of the time—its custom always in the afternoon here in the rainy season—and added much to the discomfort of *Mrs. Atkins*.

Poo-bah, Nankypoo, Cray, and others of our late fellow-voyagers, had come off from the shore to say a last good-bye; and the commander-in-chief kept the poor fellows waiting in the tug, exposed to pitching, tossing, and rain for nearly an hour, while he finished his arrangements in the cabin and completed his inspection of the troop quarters.

Meantime the soldiers, with their wives and children, who had just been shuttle-cocked from the shore, were mustered on the quarter-deck; the women mostly in a deplorable state, and a few of the men very helpless. Though it all passed for sea-sickness, hospitality and parting glasses on shore had something to do with the men's condition probably; but no diagnosis was required at such a time.

At length by a quarter to six we were under steam again on our return journey.

The Kafirs joined in a war-dance on the deck of the great sea-barge as it was towed back to the harbour; and while it was fading into the distance their dark figures could still be seen against the grey sky working their arms and legs like a lot of demented semaphores.

By keeping well out away from the land, we got the full force of the current in our favour, and made good way southward, till, on the 17th, soon after 6 a.m., we were caught in a fog. The steam-whistle sounded at intervals for about half-an-hour while it was thickest, and the engines were slowed down. We were somewhere off Cape St. Francis, but the officers were a little uncertain of our position, and so to make sure the ship's head was turned towards the land. Sir William Thompson's sounding apparatus was run out, and we cautiously steamed along, sounding as we went, till the low-lying land came in view and fixed our position. Then the sun came out, swept away the mist, and away we went in the teeth of a cold south wind with a bright sun and a wild sea.

The great Southern Ocean was moderate enough when we passed this way a week or so before, and now appeared inclined to show us a little of what it *could* do. On the following morning I was awakened at three by the rolling of the ship, and got up at six to find Cape Handklip again in sight—the east point of False Bay.

On entering the bay we found ourselves in smoother water, and immediately after breakfast a parade of dogs was ordered.

The soldiers who joined the ship at Natal had brought on board a number of pet mongrels without permission, and a rumour had got about that some of these animals were to be condemned. So

their masters stood round with grave and mournful faces, each holding his faithful beast by a chain or string, and fearing that perhaps the poor creature was being led to execution. The dogs looked up at their masters' faces and round at us, reflecting the mournful expression of the men, and evidently understanding that they were now on trial for their lives.

Captain Perfect, with Colonel Montifex and his adjutant, stood in front, a court of justice from whose fiat there was no appeal. They questioned the men and inspected each of the dogs in turn.

The largest of the latter was the most melancholy in aspect, and seemed to feel acutely the position in which he now found himself. The court evidently didn't think much of him. Then there was a brindled animal that sat on a big gun and looked a trifle more cheerful. Him the captain encouraged with a pat, and said he was the best of the lot. The next was a little ragged terrier with large beseeching eyes, who sat up and begged when it came to his turn to be inspected, his master giving him the word, "Attention;" and he stood at attention as long as the judges discussed him. This was a little too touching, so the court passed on to another and another, till they paused before a black object that looked something between a four-legged stool and a poodle. The owner looked distressed, and the judges went on to the next, with a remark *sotto voce*. At last they came to a Kaffir dog, who was so ill-looking that his master had been afraid to own him. It was evidently near going hard with this animal, who, in the absence of his master, was tied to the leg of a seat, and looked as cunning as a fox.

The inspection being now completed, the court retired two or three paces, and consulted in under-tones, pointing ominously at one dog and another, while a deeper and more wistful sadness settled on the men; and the dogs, looking up again in mute appeal, and seeing no encouragement in the faces of their masters, sat down on their tails trembling, and waited for the verdict.

Colonel Montifex then stood forward and addressed the men. He said it appeared there were two more dogs than the regulations allow (graver looks of owners), but, he added, if they are all kept carefully on the hurricane-deck, and not permitted to wander about the ship (here the owners began to smile, and the dogs looked up with a cheerful expression), the captain will allow them a passage. Then turning to the adjutant to give his orders he said:

"Well—er—dismiss the parade."

Adjutant. "Er—ah—dogs, left turn, quick march."

A murmur ran through the audience where I stood, and I think no verdict of acquittal in any court of justice was ever received with a greater sense of satisfaction. The men marched off smiling and happy, with the dogs all wagging their tails.

The "Chokrah" being a P. and O. steamer taken up for the conveyance of troops, was technically a transport, and although a troop-ship *de facto* was not so *de jure*. Therefore the passengers and others enjoyed freedom from a good many little regulations that have to be complied with in a ship under naval discipline; but it would not do to allow unlimited dogs to be brought on board, besides the monkeys, meer-cats, parrots, and South African sparrows of which we carried specimens.

At noon the old ship was riding at anchor again off Simon's Town, and we were boarded by an officer from the "Raleigh," who came to bring the admiral's orders.

Our principal business here was re-coaling; and those who were not on duty had to amuse themselves ashore or afloat as best they could.

The bay is often exceedingly rough and dangerous for boats; and a cold south-easter was blowing a stiff breeze to-day, when our sixth officer was sent ashore with a crew of four Lascars to dig sand for the purpose of scrubbing the decks. They sailed away gallantly before the wind to a part of the bay where sand was plentiful, and having taken as much as they wanted, shoved off again and commenced the return voyage. The boat, however, had scarcely left the shore when a big sea caught her, and before they could say "knife" the crew were capsized in the surf and were all struggling in the water. Fortunately being close in shore, they were able to scramble on to the sandy beach, their boat and gear being washed up with them. Wet through and through the poor Lascars shivered in the cold wind, while the officer made his way to a lonely shanty up the hill, with a view to obtain help. He was doomed, however, to disappointment. He had scarcely arrived within hail of the hut when he was desecrated by one of the ugliest bull-dogs, he said, that you ever set eyes on; and the beast was making frantic efforts to get at him. It was, however, fastened to an iron rod driven into the ground; and our sixth officer, taking a survey of the position, prepared to advance with caution, when the bull-dog, becoming more infuriated, pulled the iron rod out of the ground and, with grinning teeth, went straight for the intruder. The officer was young and active, and the dog was impeded by the iron bar which he dragged after him; but the chase was hot and exciting. Our hero dodged round the shanty this way and that, calling for help; but no voice answered, for the owner was not at home. Over the roof of it he went, but was met by the dog on the other side. At last made desperate, he rushed through the bushes straight for the shore, and, as luck had it, the bar caught in a bush and held fast his enraged pursuer. The officer, however, did not wait to see how long it would hold, but made a bee line for the rendezvous, which he regained presently breathless and a little warmer.

The Lascar crew were huddled together on the beach, helpless and shivering, and could not be induced to walk about to get warm. So the Sixth, as they called him, not being able to attract attention from the ship or to obtain any immediate help or shelter, made his men dig a hole in the sand, and rig up a sail to keep the wind away, until, after a time, he was able to get a shore boat and bring them on board again.

In the evening the ship presented a pretty sight. The soldiers in their red coats were fishing all along the side in the moonlight, assisted by a few skilful anglers among the Lascars. A great many fish were caught, and among them several large Cape salmon, one of which made a great sensation and looked nearly as big as the Lascar that caught him.

Maycock was so fascinated with the sport that he hung over the gangway, line in hand, till midnight, the quarter-master baiting his hooks and sustaining him with hot coffee and biscuits.

Next morning I went ashore with Mordan, who bought some Cape canaries and wrybecks from a Malay to add to the aviary he had already commenced by purchases at Natal. I was sorely tempted to buy some of these pretty little birds, but was very glad afterwards that I resisted, for they made an awful mess with their seed and sand in the doctor's cabin, and almost made his life a burden, to add to which the ship's officers persisted in chaffing him about his birds, declaring they were sparrows.

After lunch the captain ordered his gig and piloted a few of us to the rocky shore among huge granite boulders, breaking waves, and green, transparent pools, up to the spot euphemistically called the Cricket Field—the only place anywhere near where anything approaching to a level bit of ground could be found for the “pitch,” which was of cocoa-nut matting. The field was in fact a hill-side sloping down to the sea, broken by undulations and scrubby bush. The sandy “veldt” was only an apology for turf; and the ground on which we sat as spectators was covered with prickles, flowers and ants.

The match was played between the elevens of the “Chokrah” and the “Raleigh;” and the “Chokrah” won by 157 runs to 55, greatly to the satisfaction of our men, for we had felt a little disgraced by the beating we got at St. Vincent; and now, we said, we shall go back and beat them hollow.

In the evening the captain and Colonel Montifex dined with the admiral; and we consoled ourselves and our guests with a farewell dance on the quarter-deck, to which the sea, the mountains, and the moonlight lent all their witchery.

CHAPTER VII.

MORDAN'S SPARROWS.—THE DOCTORS' GLOOM.—A PLASTER ON HER NOSE.—THE BURIED SOLDIER.

CAPTAIN PERFECT'S return to the ship was the signal for the departure of all guests and immediate preparations for sailing. At midnight I went to bed and to sleep, and awoke next morning at Cape Town at 6.30. on the 20th of November.

Here the health officer kindly took a party of us to shore; and leaving my friend Graham to get his letters, I proceeded to buy a "karos" or skin rug. These karoses are made by the natives of beautifully prepared skins sewn together in every variety of kind and pattern. When my purchase was completed I found Graham had returned before me; and, not to be late for breakfast, I followed him on the tail of a coal-dray, which was the only vehicle available at the moment. We sat together, as usual, at breakfast, and were both so hungry and eager to be served that our steward at last could not restrain a remonstrance. "Patience, sir," he cried, and then apologized; but the cry was really wrung from him, although Graham, as a naval officer, was a little indignant at being so addressed by a steward.

Mr. Duffield got in his stores for the voyage homeward, and at 11 a.m. we steamed out of Cape Town harbour.

Though I had obtained a few Kaffir ornaments, I was not returning laden with the spoils of South Africa; for the shops are filled with goods from London and Manchester. Assegais are made in Birmingham and sold in Natal at five shillings each, and sham curios are offered everywhere; but I picked up some shells that were thrown upon the beach by the honest ocean, and these are the truest mementoes of my voyage.

As we left the Cape behind us the clouds were hanging over the nearer mountains in such fantastic shapes as no one would believe if reproduced on canvas; while the soft, pale grey of majestic mountains many miles beyond formed a back setting against the clear sky that memory may dwell upon but no words describe.

Mordan at about this period was getting more and more troubled concerning his sparrows. The little wrybecks got through the bars of the cage and made off for the coast, if only the cabin door or window were left open; or if these were luckily closed, the doctor had to chevy the little dicks round his cabin and surgery, among the rows of bottles and jars, till he recaptured them. The Cape canaries were not able to go for an airing so often, as they were larger and could not wriggle out of the old cage so easily; but on separate occasions two of them escaped to the upper deck, and were so bewildered by their novel

position and appalled by the vastness of the surrounding ocean, that one came back to the cabin, and the other suffered himself to be caught by a sailor in the lower rigging.

However, Mordan's important duties would not allow of this perpetual distraction; and since his cabin was becoming all bird-seed, he arranged with the butcher to take charge of the sparrows. Thus "Pills," as they rudely called him—when they were well and did not need his advice—was delivered at one stroke from anxiety, chaff and bird-seed.

Soon we passed Robin Island, with its solitary lighthouse, looking barren and bare; but on the further side, with a glass, we could distinguish buildings. The island is in Government hands, and is used for a melancholy purpose. Its sole inhabitants, besides rabbits, which abound and live on the "veldt," are lunatics, lepers and black convicts, with the necessary guard and attendants. A steamer visits its shores three times a week, and the guard have means of communicating with Cape Town by a small sailing vessel. A rapid and dangerous current sets in on the east side, where many ships have been lost on the sunken rocks between the island and the mainland.

For more than forty miles Table Mountain was distinctly visible, but the top was lost in banks of cloud. The high lands on the west coast could be traced till eight bells chimed and told of afternoon tea in the saloon. Flocks of cormorants and thousands of other sea-birds still hovered or flew over the wide circle of waters around us; but to-morrow they would be nearly all gone, and only sea and sky be left to contemplate.

Eight bells in the afternoon means four o'clock. The origin, as Captain Holland told us, of the practice of indicating time on board ship by one stroke on the bell for each half-hour up to eight bells was, that before the day of chronometers a half-hour sand-glass was used. At the last half-hour before noon the glass was not turned until the captain, having ascertained the right time by the sun, "made it noon;" and thus it would happen that the last previous period would be longer or shorter than half-an-hour, according to the direction in which the ship was travelling.

On Saturday the 21st November there were few outward objects to attract attention. We had made a good start on our way to Ascension, and had read through all the newspapers that had come on board at the Cape. There were nine days of absolute idleness before us, in which we might give ourselves up to the *dolce far niente*,—when an evident gloom came over the ship.

We had on board five military doctors; and four of them had been observed in close consultation with preternaturally solemn faces. Presently they produced a number of printed sheets of foolscap, and each face grew longer and graver as they read these papers from top to bottom, and glanced at each other with muttered remarks.

The truth came out at length. They had each to pass an examination for their next step, and had agreed together that this period of enforced holiday would be a good time to study and grind up.

They now took to ascetic habits, and were seen gloomily poring over books in solitary corners. All cheerfulness forsook their faces, all but a hollow smile which they schooled themselves to assume when spoken to, by way of homage to society.

Dobson looked vacant, as if no more knowledge could ever get into him. Jackson lost his merriment, and slunk about "like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons." Quiller bore up sternly, and furtively strengthened his biceps on a horizontal bar he had discovered in a secluded spot on the lower deck; and though Lock read four hours a day with his legs on a sofa, he was the only one that tried to make a joke of it. In this praiseworthy effort Dr. Shotte was ever ready to help him—for had not Shotte passed all his examinations? So at dinner he would lean towards his friend, and presently elicit an explosion of laughter; though, alas for us, the anecdotes were all told *sotto voce*, from which we could only deduce that they must be of a professional character.

Dr. Shotte, by the way, does not like the carelessness in respect of costume evinced by the ladies on board. He says, "I do like to see a woman well dressed; the dress need not be expensive" (from this it will be seen that he was a bachelor); "but," he continued, "it should be tasteful and well put on."

"There's only one woman on board that has got a dress," observed a naval officer, who was one of the most chivalrous of his sex, "and she doesn't know how to put it on. It's all slack, don't y' know?"

Duffield was so kind as to show me and my friend Maycock the various articles of diet which are issued to the Lascar crew; and as they are peculiar they are not without interest.

The staple food is rice, of which each man gets one pound and a half per day, and a quarter of a pound of dhol, which is a sort of birdseed. The ghee, of which every man has a daily allowance of two ounces, has the appearance of lard, and a strong, offensive odour of bad cheese: Limbourger cheese, which in Austria is usually kept out of window, is aromatic compared with it, and it is said to be made from the milk of camels and buffaloes.

A ration of meat is given them in harbour, and a quarter of a pound of dried fish at sea. The fish is a kind of salmon caught in the Persian Gulf, and dried in the sun. It certainly looks very nasty.

As their religion forbids them to eat the flesh of an animal not slaughtered by themselves, the butcher sometimes allows them to kill a sheep in their own way, by cutting its throat. They then get the feet and the entrails, with which to enrich the *menu* of

the day, the produce proper being intended for the European passengers and crew.

From caste necessities they also have their own cook, although they have in fact lost caste by leaving their country.

Tea and sugar are provided for them; and an issue of chillies, coriander seed, garlic, and turmeric (four ounces a week each) enables them to enjoy their indispensable daily curry.

Specimens of all the articles were laid out for our inspection in the store-room; and if I must take all we saw as the indispensable components of a complete ration, I have omitted to mention a pint bottle of champagne between each two persons, which we tried, and found to be excellent.

A Lascar crew is collected and engaged by the serang or tyndal, who, having paid a commission to some superior native for his appointment, no doubt exacts a similar tax from the men he hires to serve under him. The wages paid to the rank and file are very small, but as at home they would get no wages for their labour at all, but probably only a bare subsistence at the best, they consider themselves lucky indeed to get money as well as good food and lodging, and are therefore quite willing to pay a commission for their employment.

The lowest wages paid to the small boys amount only to a trifle of pocket money. Mr. Tenby sent one of them on an errand, which the boy at once proceeded to execute cheerfully, but without any display of undignified haste.

"That chap," said Mordan, "seems to take it uncommonly easy; he never runs under any circumstances."

"H'm," said Tenby, "no wonder; he only gets a shilling a month."

On the 25th November we were driving along before the south-east trade when we spoke the "Braemar," the first ship we had seen at all for five days since leaving the Cape. On coming up from dinner we were introduced to a new passenger who had come on board, in the shape of a flying-fish, that, attracted by the light, had flown on to the quarter-deck, a height from the sea of twenty feet. They frequently take much higher flights, and an instance occurred in this ship in which one of them came down a windsail into the stoke-hole; the mouth of the windsail having been probably forty feet above the sea level. It is not at all uncommon for them to fly into the open ports of a ship at night; and when one happens to come fluttering in upon your bed it wakes you up with a considerable fright, as Mr. Henderton, our chief engineer, could aver from his own experience in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean.

(To be continued.)

ELIZABETH'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER XXX.

PAST AND PRESENT.

AFTER a long, grim winter, such a spring had burst suddenly and late as you may come of age in England and never have seen. It seemed to me I had done so. Spring in the squares—a mass of flowering trees and shrubs. April, May, and June all rushing into bloom at once; spring in Mrs. Hicks' little back-garden, gay with red daisies and golden pansies; spring in the areas, where greenery trailed up the walls, or down from hanging flower-pots; spring even on the housetops, where mosses and lichens sprouted here and there among the tiles.

Long since had our little household resumed its tranquil march, as before disturbed by the hazard of illness. Only the little pale languid looks of the children set me dreaming of Charlotte's plan of our migration to the Chestnuts as of something that might actually come off. Other change of air was not to be thought of.

Visitable though we had been declared for some time, nobody seemed in a hurry to take the hint and come and call. Beattie Graves was the first to venture in one day, saying his wife had sent him "to inquire," and he had sent himself to try and persuade me to come off with him then and there to a *matinée* at the Albatross, to see him in a new farce in which he was going to surpass himself.

Why not? Until tea-time I could play truant from home. Lal Roy should take the boys for a prowl; the little odd household jobs might wait, and a mention of the *matinée* would enliven the letter I was writing for *Out of Town*.

"You're very kind," said I; "I'll come this minute," beginning to put up my work on the spot, he standing contemplatively by.

"Mrs. Romney!" he presently exclaimed.

"Mr. Graves?" I turned at his tone, as it were, of grave reprobation.

"I am shocked, shocked——"

"At what, pray?"

"At your looks. Why, what have you been doing to yourself?"

"Why, nothing," said I, picking up Monty, and carrying him off to put him on his things. "Surely," pursued the questioner,

"it's you, and not young England playing marbles over there, who have had the What d'ye call it?"

I laughed at him, and disappeared into the next room. When, having despatched the nursery cavalcade, I came back with my bonnet on, he looked at me closely, as if to see if the addition had mended matters. Apparently not, for he shook his head, saying:

"Then you've been sitting up late, working for the What's-its-name—that confounded periodical! You women should really not undertake such wearing work; your strength isn't equal to it."

"Now, really," said I, provoked—as who would not have been?—into making a stand and a speech, "can you men conscientiously suppose such work isn't play to the task of taking care of 'young England'—body and soul, sick or well? You permit that we are equal to that, and I hope that I am; so why need we be unequal to what, if you come to think, must be a much lighter responsibility, much easier, less wearing and important work than looking after the health, the food, the dress, the lessons, the tempers, the morals, the present and future of my two young men?"

Poor Beattie Graves, crushed, waited till we got out into the street, when he let drop meekly, but pertinently, I confess:

"You see, Mrs. Romney, you undertake both."

"Only for a time," I pleaded. "Very soon I hope to be rich enough to give it up, and start a home for us all in the country."

"You know best," he said. But, like Mrs. Clarendon Hicks, he wondered at my choice. He had rather be a dustman in Bloomsbury than lord of all Arcadia, he confessed to me, as we descended Leveson Street.

"My scheme may fail yet," I remarked; "then I may come to you, asking for an engagement at the Albatross."

So long as Beattie Graves was at the helm, so long, he swore, I should only have to ask. He was doing a good business now, and a new drama, written expressly for Charlotte—whose success in it was a foregone conclusion—was in active preparation.

"Just now her energies are divided," he ran on, "between rehearsals at the Albatross and a grand Charity Fête she is planning at the Chestnuts for the poor—the Italian poor, of course. But with her forces, you know, 'to divide is not to take away.' The more she undertakes, the more vigour she has to spare for each undertaking. She's not in the bill of fare this afternoon. Light stuff—an operetta—then the farce, a kickshaw stolen from the German, Gifford says—he ought to know, he stole it himself. And, by-the-way," with a pointed, inquisitive tone and glance, "have you seen him lately?"

"You are the good Samaritan," I reminded him, "the first friend to come near us this long time."

"I'll tell you a story about him," he said confidentially;

"such a queer trick as he played us the other day—one Sunday last month. He and I and some half-dozen more had run down to Tunbridge Wells—a bachelor spread at the 'Calverley,' an unconscionable spree. Oh! we had a riotous afternoon, to the scandal of the proper and pious, you know."

Knowing Beattie Graves' way of blowing the mildest soap-and-water entertainment into the big bubble of an unutterable orgie, I nodded significantly. He proceeded:

"We came back by the last train. Gifford had gone on ahead, wanting to call at his friend Fopstone's house *en route* to the station, to ask why Fopstone, who was to have been one of the revellers, had not put in his appearance at luncheon. He—Gifford—never turned up on the platform at all. We came back without him—thought the Fopstones had kept him."

"Well?" said I, as he paused.

"Come back he did—his man told me. He knocked him up at six in the morning, and it appears that he walked."

"From Tunbridge Wells?—nonsense!" said I incredulously.

"A thirty-mile tramp! Think of that. Lunacy—a clear case. You'll say, he missed the train. I say he wanted to give us the slip; for he didn't even go in at Fopstone's—merely asked at the door—heard Fopstone was all right; it was his wife wouldn't let him come at the last, having just heard by telegram of the sudden death of her cousin, Lady Hazlemere—wanted to remind the world of their relationship to a duke's daughter," he added parenthetically.

We had reached the corner of the Strand, where my escort halted, and whilst watching for an opportunity to cross the crowded thoroughfare, pursued:

"Did you ever hear of such a freak? The early morning train would have brought him back as soon, and there was the 'Calverley' to stop at, or he had friends who would have put him up till Monday. I chaffed him about his all-night walk, asked if it was for a wager; if so, he lost it—for he looked so black that I dropped the subject like a live coal. Now, Mrs. Romney!"

And having let pass a dozen favourable opportunities, he suddenly set off, to engage me in a reckless dodging struggle amid a maze of carriage-wheels and horses' heads. Safely over the way, he resumed:

"The fact is, he's not the same fellow we used to know. I've reason to believe he's preparing a surprise for us all."

"What sort of a surprise?" I asked.

"It's my wife's idea—I promised not to mention it——" Our arrival at the stage-door, simultaneously with that of Mr. Gifford himself, came in the nick of time to save him from breaking his promise. Seated quietly in the top-tier box I shared with the female relations of some humble *employé*, I watched the performance with dutiful attention, still with too little mind for mirth

to be carried away by its fun. I was half glad when it ended. I went round to the stage-door, thinking to get out quickly.

It was still early, but the fine weather had broken down in the last two hours. A deluge of rain had just set in, and swept the streets, with desolating results. You might send for a cab, or you might send for a coach-and-six, with equal chances of a speedy answer to the summons. I was still waiting, disconsolate, when Beattie Graves and Mr. Gifford came out together, and the former promised that his carriage and his wife should take me home. But there was no sign of them at present. It was cheerless waiting at the theatre, and when Mr. Gifford, whose chambers were at the bottom of the street, instantly proposed that we should make a quick march for them, and there more comfortably await Mrs. Graves' good pleasure, leaving word to that effect with the stage-door keeper, nobody objected. A rush of a few hundred yards down the narrow street gave us scarcely time to get wet before we were under cover again, and introduced by our escort into his pleasant chambers on the first floor, overlooking the river—the chambers of a gentleman of cultured, artistic, expensive tastes, and ample means to gratify them, as there was plenty to show.

"It's a fine-art museum in miniature," affirmed Mr. Graves enviously. "Show Mrs. Romney round, Gifford." Then, as the injunction passed unheeded, he began himself to call my admiration to one bit of *bric-à-brac* after another, until my head swam. And a whimsical contrasting vision rose up of my own living-room, and the bare boards, and the penny toys, and rush chairs, and Francis Gifford walking in, like some fine gentleman district-visitor into a poor person's home. Mr. Graves was asking what I liked best of what I saw.

"I think I like the view over the river," said I, partly for fear of making some ignorant blunder; but it was true. And now my cicerone had done, I went back to stand at the window, fascinated afresh by the wild and desolate outlook. Rain drenched the ground, danced on the pavement, squalls of wind swept the heaving river, amid whose turgid swell black barges toiled painfully along. London ragamuffins crouched for shelter in the angles of the parapet. Up and down, from St. Paul's cupola to the towers of Westminster, all was cold, and wet, and grey, and dreary. Meantime I heard, absently, Beattie Graves discoursing on the sad inferiority of a St. John's Wood villa like his to bachelor diggings like these.

"You can have the refusal of them," Francis Gifford told him carelessly.

"Eh, what?" ejaculated Mr. Graves, with theatrical emphasis. "Leaving? You don't mean it now?"

"Not now—at Michaelmas."

"Where do you move to?"

"I'm not sure. Somewhere in Holland Park, I think."

"What? You've taken that ground I heard about?—you're going to build?" he asked, fast and eagerly, smarting with curiosity. "I heard the rumour—set it down as a *canard*. You've given us no warning."

"You're not my landlord," rejoined the other dryly. "He got warning in proper time."

"But I say, what can you want with a house?" broke out Beattie Graves irrepressibly; "a fellow like you, with all your family under your hat?"

"You get tired of living in chambers," remarked Mr. Gifford generally.

"And you'll get tired of the house before you're in it, and be starting off for St. Petersburg."

"Too far; but I may possibly winter in Italy."

"Is it true that you are parting company with the *Oracle*?"

"Quite true."

"Any more surprises?" But here the clock striking checked the interrogator, who broke off, exclaiming, "I say, I shall be late. Something must have happened to my wife and carriage."

"More probably the doorkeeper has forgotten to deliver your message," the other suggested.

Mr. Graves said he should step round to the theatre and see; and he took his hat and went, saying, "Back directly, Mrs. Romney; you wait until there's something outside for you besides foul weather."

I had half lost myself in watching the rain and clouds and the river's flow. Only as Mr. Graves left I turned from the murky outside picture to the spectacle—strange and confusing by contrast—of the pleasant repose and luxury and tasteful embellishments of the room within.

"Are you not tired with standing?" asked Mr. Gifford, who had come up. "You look very much fatigued and overdone, if I may tell you so."

"Mr. Graves told me the same," I said. I was not feeling more tired than usual, but took the seat he had placed for me in the window. "It is not all overwork," I added quickly.

"You have had no fresh trouble?" he asked kindly.

"No more than you know," I said. I wished him to understand, and continued presently:

"Lady Hazlemere was very dear to me. I did not think I should ever feel anything so much again."

He stood silent, also looking away from the bright cosy interior into the waste of water and drifting mists.

"You used to see her?" he asked at length; and his voice, though hard and constrained, was penetrated with strong feeling of some kind.

"Often, this winter."

"And was she well—and happy?"

"I do not think she was very well," said I, "but as happy as perhaps it lay in her nature to be."

"You are right," he responded, adding spontaneously, "The nature that is born to disappoint and be disappointed."

"You are bitter," said I, surprised. He denied it, insisting:

"It is only for commonplace people that life is *not* one long disappointment. It is not formed to content a poetic nature."

"Like hers," I rejoined, musing. He assented, and went on:

"Whilst those who suggest poetic ideals are the last to answer to them in full—to realize in themselves the mental images their persons inspire."

But their charm is not always broken for that. All the romance of his nature had gone in that illusory passion, mixed as it had been with some power of serious love. The grave could not part them more utterly than they had long been parted; yet for him her premature death had more power to stir, to shock, than any other human event, and the world was not the same world to him after.

There are stories of two castaways on a wreck or a raft or a desert island, strangers or antagonists before, drawn rapidly into a strange, half-funereal intimacy; differences merged in the partnership of mutual isolation and the sympathy of despair. Nothing could be less like a wreck or a desert than Francis Gifford's delectably-appointed apartment, with its creature comforts, its rarities, its books, and its pictures; but I had ceased to take account of these, my senses riveted by the sinister attraction of this bird's-eye view of a great city, its wharves and warehouses over the river, hanging cranes, shapeless tall chimneys and tapering spires—so picturesque as a whole, so unsightly in detail. Theatrical agencies, funeral agencies, perfume factories, Turkish baths, cathedrals, museums and prisons—a confused jumble of the wealth and invention, frivolity and fine art, rags, dirt and misery that make up the life of a capital—far more cruel-seeming in its relentless, unalterable march of human business and pleasure than the unintelligent order of nature.

"Do not pity her," he said significantly; "she is happier than you or I."

"We say so, we say so," I replied; "and yet if either of us were sick to death, and the choice lay with us, we should choose life, I suppose."

"And we should do right," he rejoined, rather inconsequently; but he stopped there, for Mr. Graves, whose carriage had just drawn up at the door, came in to hurry me away. The next minute I was seated in the carriage opposite the comedian, and side by side with his wife Louisa.

Had she and her husband always been so alike or only grown so by dint of constant companionship? was a question I asked

myself every time I saw them together. The resemblance was as marked, yet indefinable, as sometimes seen between brother and sister, totally dissimilar in feature, but with a similitude of voice, manner, and trick of expression that makes each appear the other's counterpart. Such a "family likeness" here existed between husband and wife.

No sooner had we driven off than Mr. Graves eagerly resumed a discourse he and his wife had apparently been holding together on the theme of Mr. Gifford's private affairs.

"Right you were, Loo; there's only one way of accounting——"

Louisa caught him up quickly. "Now hush, Beattie. Where's the use of accounting for things?"

"You don't suppose he's building a house in order to give dinner-parties or accommodate his country cousins?"

"He has a mother and sisters somewhere," Louisa remarked carelessly.

"But he had them last year and the year before," insisted her spouse. "Now I wonder if Charlotte knows——"

Louisa had begun chatting to me so determinately about the children's illness that her consort was forced to hold his gossiping tongue, for she gave him never a chance to put in another word till I was safely deposited at my door.

The spell of seclusion had that day been effectually broken; our friends were no longer afraid to show us their faces, and it was not for want of practice if Lal Roy still fell short of perfect proficiency in a footman's duties.

He was only half a rational being after all; no more to be depended on than those wild animals whose show of domestication is a mere accomplishment which their old nature may belie any moment.

For instance, he had contracted an extraordinary aversion to Francis Gifford, which he displayed in ways as vexatious to me as to my guest, sinning with an air of childlike innocence that had all but imposed on myself. Thus, calling once to see me on a business matter connected with the journal I was writing for, Mr. Gifford was informed I was not at home, when I was audibly addressing Mrs. Hicks on the landing. Lal Roy, called to account, protested he had acted in accordance with what he had understood to be my instructions. When the call was repeated, he let him ring thrice, and when constrained to admit him, took revenge by again and again breaking into the room with unseemly interruptions. Whilst you are receiving a visitor, of the other sex, it is annoying for your servant to bring you such irrelevant bits of news as "Baker's boy has called for him bill;" or "No bring milk yet for little master's tea. I step round shop see why?" and so forth. I laid it to stupidity at the moment, but chancing to come out on the stairs just as he had closed the house door on the figure of the departing guest, I surprised him in the passage,

where he had broken into what may have been a war-dance—a momentary outbreak of fierce gesticulations, directed seemingly at my late visitor.

“Lal Roy,” said I from above, severely, “what is this?”

Utterly taken aback, he turned sullen, whilst I came down to the bottom, and with such dignity and calm as I could muster—things which impressed him more than any scolding—gently repeated my question. He muttered something unintelligible in his own tongue, then replied with a hang-dog, impenitent expression, “He proud man—he despise poor black servant; for that me hate him.”

I began a sermon on Christian humility, but it did not get far. At my first pause he interposed with subtle insinuation:

“My master—him I serve in India before I came out here—he never treat Lal Roy that way—never.”

There were tears in his eyes; I gave in and said no more. But his defence was false; this aversion had preceded the origin he assigned for it—nay, he might thank his own bearing for Mr. Gifford’s ill-concealed dislike. The rudeness of your friends’ servants, though your friends be nowise to blame for it, has a peculiarly irritating power—as an annoyance against which you are helpless, even to protest.

Charlotte, on the other hand, Lal Roy adored. Is there a free-masonry between all savages, coloured and white? She chaffed, she twitted, she mimicked him to his face. He grinned from ear to ear with delight, lingered in her presence, ushered her to and fro, fascinated and respectful—to him she was a queen and a goddess.

Lal Roy, by some means, had contrived to impart something of his prejudice against Mr. Gifford to Jack. But the boy was too civil a little chap ever to give offence; and though, to me, his cold, shy ways and moody silence were noticeable, and might call for explanation, the last person to remark them would have been Mr. Gifford himself. Children in the room he might endure, as a domestic necessity; but pretty or ugly, bright or stupid, amiable or the reverse, they were no more to him than Tiger or a tame canary—household pets that some fancy, some don’t.

I sometimes feared our mild rule was corrupting our domestic, and I had done wrong not to send him to some college for destitute dark skins, but the poor fellow was quite capable of taking his heart in his hands and breaking it—in plain English, of setting himself to mope and pine till the least passing chill or light epidemic would be all that was needed to carry him off.

He should stay, at least till we left London. Jack was so fond of him and he of Jack, between us we might reform him yet—I doing the moral, Jack the intellectual training. He was busy with Lal Roy’s education. His “lessons” were a daily institution

I encouraged, as it deepened Jack's sense of the importance of his own.

One rainy afternoon that the bairns could not go out, I was working the sewing machine and Monty's climbing monkey alternately, whilst Jack with a wooden alphabet on the floor was instructing Lal Roy—I hope accurately—in words of three letters, when the visitors' bell rang. Lal Roy suddenly redoubled his attention to his task.

"Lal Roy, the door;" I suggested, "did you not hear?"

"May I die if I did!" he ejaculated; "him not our bell. Next house."

"No, our own," I insisted; "do make haste."

"First I put up little master him letters—letters make mess on the floor."

An excuse for keeping somebody waiting, I knew full well. Before I could expostulate, the impatient somebody rang again—a thundering peal that echoed through the house. No gentleman's ring, you might be certain. I don't know if Lal Roy made the reflection, but he hurried now to answer the summons with alacrity commendable, though rare. There was a short delay, then our sitting-room door was flung open wide, and the familiar voice of our janitor announcing, "Her Royal Highness the Maharana of Lahore," struck consternation into the children. Jack dashed into the next room, Monty disappeared entirely in the folds of my gown.

It was only Charlotte, giving a ludicrous and exact imitation of Lal Roy's pompous utterances, thoroughly enjoying the moment's mystification: then presenting herself in her own person and natural voice:

"Don't bolt, good people, it's only me. Now what's that you've got, Liz?—a Nonpareil sewing machine? Just what I want for my gardener's wife at home. Show me how it works. Where are the kids?" Cautiously they emerged from their hiding-places. "Jack!"—he came and shook hands in his business-like way—"don't you want to come and see me again?" she asked.

"I want to see Tiger—how's Tiger?" said my firstborn with candour.

Charlotte began to mimic his bark for them, his tricks and antics, sending the small fry into such convulsions of laughter that I was obliged to beg her to desist. Then she became absorbed in the peculiarities of my anything but peculiar sewing machine, until, suddenly recollecting herself and the time, she started up, exclaiming, "Lord, I must be going, and I haven't begun about what I came on purpose to say. But it won't take long." Down she sat again and resumed, "Liz, I want you for my *fête*, on the 13th of July."

"Nobody's *fête* wants *me*," said I with a half-smile. "You're not in earnest."

"No nonsense, Liz," she urged seriously. "You must help. It's a charity thing, you know—not public in the professional sense. I lend my house and garden, charge a fancy price for tickets of admission, and the patronesses sell them to their friends. Lady Evelyn Sawney will play on the zither, Mrs. Fitzcavendish Dashwell will sing, and I've put you down in my head to recite 'The Death of Montrose.'"

"How could you?" I exclaimed.

"You won't?"

"Out of the question," I said most decidedly.

"Pshaw!" she said, with a stamp of impatience. "There's a woman! I never yet knew one who would do you a good turn if it cost her a scratch. You, Liz—I thought you were different, and might strain a point to oblige a friend but for whom you'd never have got up in the world as you have."

I tried to look reproaches; I could not speak them. But Charlotte had hardened her heart and sharpened her tongue.

"There's gratitude," she went on. "Over and again you've declared you're ready to do any earthly thing to oblige me; and now, the first trifling service I ask you, it's, 'No, thank you;' 'Indeed, I can't.' And why? You'd rather not. It would require an effort. You don't think it, looks well."

"I should have to do violence to my feelings," I said, "to join in a party of pleasure, and all for nothing, as I should be but a poor addition to the festival."

"I'm the best judge of that," she protested, "and I declare I can't carry it through without you. Everything is going wrong. If you won't back me, I shall just throw the whole thing over. There! Choose!"

She would have carried her point, as of old, by storm and battery. When set upon winning it, there was no weapon, lawful or unlawful, that she would not use. She tried one after another and threw them away, and you were mostly exhausted before her armoury was. Ah! she was right. I owed her much, everything, and had often felt I could say no to nothing she might ask as a fair return. With some difficulty I coaxed her into a compromise. I would be her right hand in all that concerned the preliminary arrangements, whilst she agreed not to press me to figure personally in the gay throng, prophesying that I should be drawn in and yield of my own accord. She had not the ghost of a reason for her previous insistence; it was merely that, having settled it all in her own mind, my flat refusal had irritated her into making my acceptance or refusal a crucial test of friendship! To prove my good-will, I put my services at her disposal without stint—no slight extra tax at this moment. Still, Beattie Graves' prophecy, that I should break down, had not been fulfilled, and the certainty that in the event of such a thing the children would get but cold

support from their Hampshire relations, had lately received fresh confirmation.

It came in a letter from Lord Hazlemere, who had continued to write now and then to tell me of Gerty's improved health and rapid growth. After several pages filled with those all-important little particulars no one else perhaps would have cared to hear about—which was the secret of his caring to write them to me—came the following:—

“It will interest you to hear that whilst calling on a neighbour the other day I met Mr. Sherwood Romney. His place, the Mote, is about six miles from here. I found him extremely agreeable; but report assigns to him considerable powers in the other line. I am told that his second son has got himself frightfully into debt, and that, in spite of their social position, the family are in somewhat embarrassed circumstances. I scarcely see that he could have provided for your children, or that you would have derived any material benefit from the countenance of your relations by marriage. How much needy gentility is about!”

At this point the handwriting, throughout rather unsteady, became perfectly illegible. The explanation came below in a postscript:

“Gerty insists on my writing this with her on my knee. She now wants to guide my hand as her nurse guided hers in the inclosed, her first letter; it is, of course, for Jack.”

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

EVEN as a child whose eager fingers snatch
 An ocean shell and hold it to his ear,
 With wondering, awe-struck eyes is hushed to catch
 The murmurous music of its coiled sphere;
 Whispers of wind and wave, soul-stirring songs
 Of storm-tossed ships and all the mystery
 That to the illimitable sea belongs,
 Stream to him from its tiny cavity.
 As such an one with reverent awe I hold
 Thy tender hand, and in those pure grey eyes,
 That sweet child-face, those tumbled curls of gold,
 And in thy smiles and loving, soft replies
 I find the whole of love—hear full and low
 Its mystic ocean's tremulous ebb and flow.

E. C. D.

SOME STREET NUISANCES.

IT may, I think, be safely assumed that, in the course of their perambulations through the streets of London, most people have at one time or another attempted to solve a very puzzling problem, namely, how, among the many applicants for charity by whom they are continually accosted, the really indigent may be distinguished from the impostor. We are repeatedly warned that indiscriminate liberality in such matters does more harm than good, and only tends to encourage those who merely trade on our credulity and inwardly congratulate themselves on having bamboozled the donor while pocketing his alms. This is no doubt true to a great extent; but even the most experienced detectors of imposition are not altogether infallible, and may occasionally be mistaken; the peripatetic philanthropist may therefore be pardoned if he now and then errs on the wrong side, and bestows his mite on the very individual who least deserves it.

There are, however, certain signs and tokens indicative of the regular street prowler which an old Londoner recognizes at a glance, and a few of them may advantageously be enumerated for the benefit of the uninitiated. It should, moreover, be borne in mind that the localities chiefly patronized by the West End contingent of the insatiable fraternity are the smaller thoroughfares abutting on Park Lane—Chapel Street and South Street, for instance—and the immediate neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square.

Perhaps the most obstinately persevering solicitors, who accept no denial and are stolidly insensible to rebuff, are the squalid females with a couple of children, one generally in arms, and both, if report speak truth, in most cases hired for the day. Their stock in trade usually consists of a few faded flowers—lavender in autumn—or half-a-dozen pencils; and as they invariably frequent the streets where the absence of shops deprives their victim of any possible place of refuge, a lady walking without escort, especially when carrying a bag or *porte-monnaie*, has no chance with them. Others, somewhat more respectably attired, are provided with baskets containing an assortment of cuffs, collars or knitted gloves, according to the season, and lie in wait for any carriage that may chance to stop while a card or message is being delivered, accompanying the display of their wares with the never-failing professional whine. Some years ago, passing along Grosvenor Street, I noticed a brougham standing in front of a house near Bond

Street, in which sat a lady, evidently awaiting the return of a friend who had just gone in. At the door of the carriage a stout, red-faced female had taken up her post, and notwithstanding repeated refusals on the part of the occupant, persisted in thrusting her basket through the open window, until the lady, annoyed by her importunities, sharply pulled up the glass.

"Did ye ever see the like?" indignantly exclaimed the disappointed harpy with a strong Milesian accent; "is it shutting the window in me face ye're after? Sure, and may the gates of h—I be the revarse to ye!"

Street prowlers of the male sex may be classed in two distinct categories, the pertinacious and the quietly respectful. To the former belong the hulking young fellow with a bunch of groundsel in his hand, by way of protest against being "run in" by an over-officious "bobby;" and the seedy individual who sidles mysteriously up to you with the request that you will "spare a copper for a pore man," keeping pace with you for a hundred yards or so, and bestowing divers uncomplimentary epithets on your hard-heartedness in the event of a refusal. The latter class includes the apparently bewildered "stranger in London," who stops you to ask the nearest way to Putney or Barnet, as the case may be, and the decently-dressed but apocryphal mechanic, who has either just come out of a hospital or solicits your influence with the authorities to get into one. Then there is the portly Frenchman, who may be met with any day in the vicinity of Charing Cross, and who has been wounded at Gravelotte or taken prisoner at Sedan; and the old crone, a fixture in Garrick Street from four to seven in the afternoon, who levies black-mail on every well-dressed pedestrian, and only wants a crutch to sit for the portrait of the malevolent hag issuing nightly from the chest of the merchant Abudah; nor must the pseudo-cabman out of work be forgotten, whom you never saw before in your life, but who distinctly remembers having "druv" your honour many and many a time, and modestly suggests that the loan of half-a-crown would quite set him up again. I have lost sight for the last year or two of the little Frenchwoman, whose ostensible motive in addressing people was to inquire the way to Finsbury Circus, and who, if imprudently encouraged, favoured them with a tale of woe as long as the catalogue of Leporello. As, however, her assumed ignorance of metropolitan topography has already inspired more than one not altogether sympathetic allusion in the public prints, it is possible that she may have deemed it advisable to drop Finsbury Circus, and adopt some other less hazardous method of "spoiling the Egyptians."

It would be unjust to apply the term "nuisance" to those in-offensive recipients of charity who importune no one, but passively depend on the good-will of benevolent Samaritans. Such is the old female in rusty black, who may be seen day after day at her

post a little beyond the synagogue in Great Portland Street, standing close to the pavement, and neither by word nor look appealing to the frequenters of that populous thoroughfare. She is to all appearance a privileged person, for the police never seem disposed to interfere with her, but evidently regard her as having a prescriptive right to the small space occupied by her on the Queen's highway. Such also is the cripple supported by two crutches, who wanders from one part of the town to another, and always turns up when you least expect him, uttering an almost inaudible chant as he plods painfully on, and now and then pausing to count the few pence amassed during his daily round. Intolerable nuisances, on the contrary, are the three or four able-bodied and decently-clad loafers who, on the first sign of frost, perambulate the streets, shouting at the top of their voices a discordant chorus, the burden of which is that England will speedily go to the dogs if she neglect the "pore;" and a similar denomination may be strictly applied to the miserable object in rags and tatters shambling along Oxford Street, whose by no means unremunerative capital consists in the total absence of shoes and stockings, an exhibition which would assuredly not be permitted in any civilized metropolis but our own.

Crossing-sweepers, thanks to the defective system of street cleaning persisted in by our administrative ediles, are a necessity with us, and therefore fully entitled to an occasional tribute of recognition from the delicately shod pedestrian. It is true that the majority of them, like policemen, are seldom at hand when really wanted, and prefer handling their brooms on dry days rather than on wet ones; nevertheless, bearing in mind the caprices of our climate and the ankle-deep mud which prevails in certain quarters of the town—Tottenham Court Road, for example—where the crossing-sweeper is unknown, I do not very well see how we could get on without them. With respect, however, to the bestowal of largess, a distinction should be made between those who ask for it and those who do not; the former coming under the head of positive nuisances, in which category may also be classed the irrepressible shoeblacks in Coventry Street, who pounce on every foot-passenger, point with extended finger at his boots, and accompany the gesture with an ear-splitting "Shine!"

In wide thoroughfares like Oxford Street and Piccadilly the processions of sandwich-men as a recognized advertising medium may be tolerated, but in narrow and crowded localities such as Old Bond Street they are decidedly out of place; and as much may be said of the real or pseudo-blind men, the continual tapping of whose sticks on the pavement is the reverse of melodious; nor is the comfort of promenaders particularly enhanced by the four o'clock invasion of panting newsvendors, jostling each other in their westward steeplechase, and hoarsely vociferating "The winner! The winner!"

Barrel-organists who stolidly decline to "move on" are acknowledged nuisances, and especially obnoxious to the dwellers in (so-called) quiet streets; but a torture far less endurable to sensitive ears is the monotonous droning of the kilted Scotchman with the bagpipes, not to mention the cracked tones of an antediluvian hurdy-gurdy grinding a succession of doleful airs, of which the "Old Hundredth" is incontestably the most cheerful. Compared with these, the "too-too" of Punch is a welcome relief; and I own to a kindly weakness for the incorrigible old reprobate, whose pranks—I confess it without a particle of shame—amuse me still as they did half a century ago.

It may perhaps be deemed uncharitable to include among street nuisances the sports habitually indulged in by the rising generation of our juvenile Arabs, but it cannot be denied that some of their customary pastimes might advantageously be modified. Tops, marbles, and hop-scotch are legitimate and harmless recreations after school-board hours, and all one has to do is to get out of their way; but "tip-cat," with its jagged pieces of wood perpetually flying about and menacing the eyes and faces of the passers-by, is an indefensible abomination. It may also be parenthetically hinted that if the sprightly damsels, who are in the habit of guiding two perambulators abreast on a narrow pavement for the sake of a friendly chat, would condescend to impel their vehicles in a straight instead of a zig-zag direction, they would confer a favour on the persons with whom they come in contact, and who are not usually blest with cast-iron toes and ancles. Such abnegation on their parts, however, in the present advanced stage of feminine emancipation, it would doubtless be hardly fair to expect, and I for one shall certainly not live to see it.

But all the above-mentioned nuisances fade into nothing in comparison with the obstructive propensities of our municipal authorities, at whose sovereign will and pleasure the most densely populated thoroughfares are arbitrarily transformed into receptacles for uprooted paving stones and gas pipes, and, in nine cases out of ten, at a period of the year when such interruption of traffic is more prejudicial than at any other. It is either the gas or the sewers that presumably need inspection, or the experimental essay of a newly invented pavement, the solidity of which is to be tested; meanwhile, circulation is permanently impeded and trade completely at a standstill. I am afraid to say how many times during the last ten years the Strand has been under repair, and never pass along it without anticipating a "block." Indeed, were I an inhabitant of that ill-fated region, I should feel more than ever inclined to sympathize with the righteous indignation of Mrs. Nickleby, when asked by the gentleman who amused himself by throwing vegetable marrows into her garden if he were wrong in supposing her to be niece of the Commissioners of Paving.

CHARLES HERVEY.

